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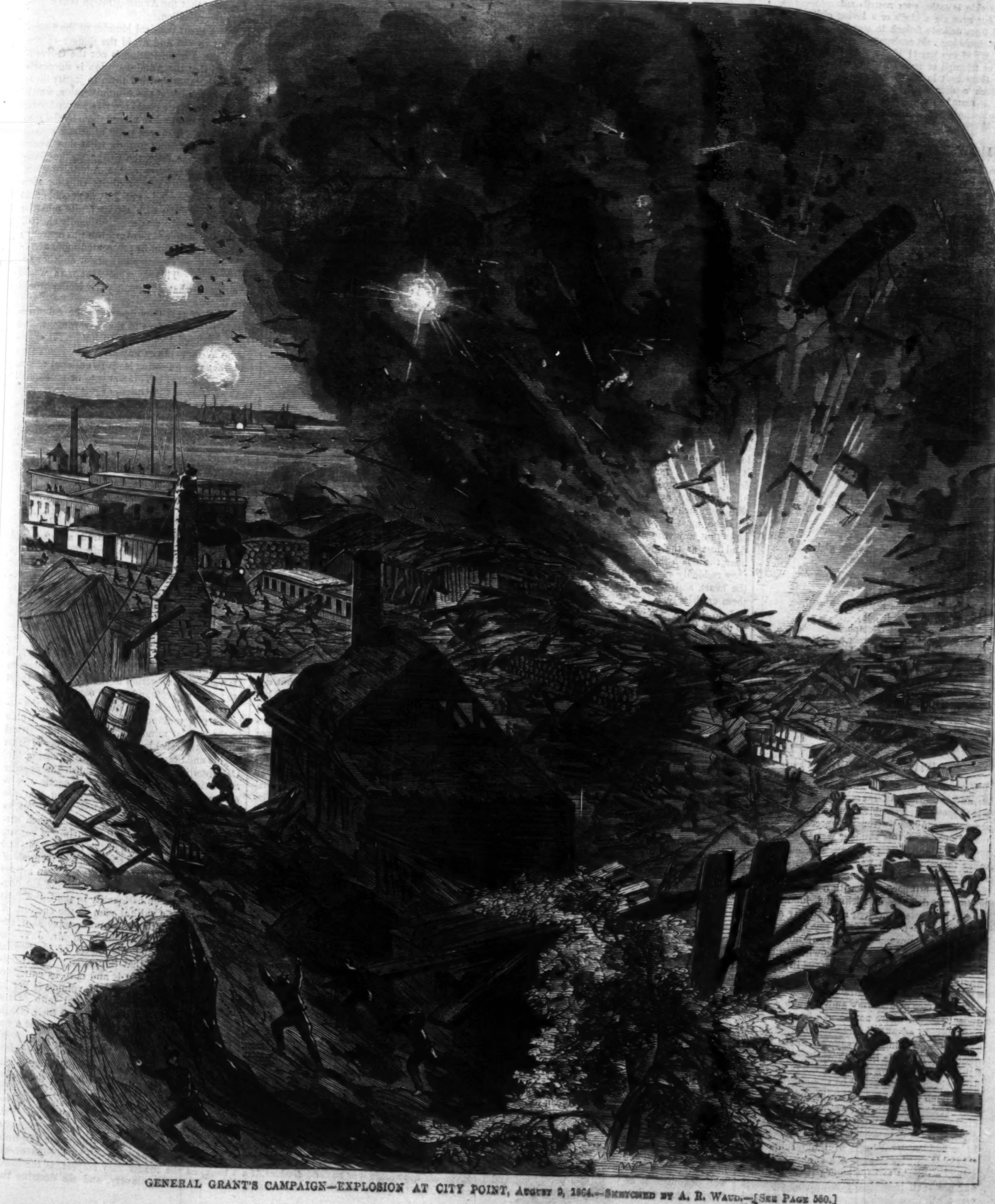


GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—EXPLOSION AT CITY POINT, August 9, 1864.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 550.]

Songs of the Army.

By Private Miles O'Reilly.

I.

THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE.

Old girl that hast borne me far and fast
  On pawing hoofs that were never loth,
Our gallop to-day may be the last
  For thee, or for me, or perchance for both!
As I tighten your girth do you nothing daunt?
  Do you catch the hint of our forming line?
And now the artillery move to the front,
  Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of mine?

It is dainty to see you sidle and start
  As you move to the battle's cloudy marge,
And to feel the swells of your wakening heart
  When our sonorous bugles sound a charge;
At the scream of the shell and the roll of the drum
  You feign to be frightened with roguish glance;
But up the green slopes where the bullets hum,
  Coquettishly, darling, I've known you dance.

Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
  Your eyes are a bird's or a loving girl's;
And from delicate fetlock to stately head
  A throbbing vein-cordage around you curls:—
Oh, joy of my heart! if you they slay,
  For triumph or rout I little care;
For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day
  Such a dear little, bridle-wise, thorough-bred
    mare!

II.

HOW THE SOLDIERS TALK.

We have heard the rebel yell,
  We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well
  And mean to fight it out;
In victory's happy glow,
  In the gloom of utter rout,
We have pledged ourselves—"Come weal or woe,
  By Heaven! we fight it out."

'Tis now too late to question
  What brought the war about;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion
  And we mean to fight it out.
Let the "big wigs" use the pen,
  Let them caucus, let them spout,
We are half a million weaponed men
  And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved, are crying
  From many a stormed redoubt,
In the swamps and trenches lying—
  "Oh, comrades, fight it out!
'Twas our comfort as we fell
  To hear your gathering shout,
Rolling back the rebels' weaker yell—
  God-speed you, fight it out!"

The negro—free or slave—
  We care no pin about,
But for the flag our fathers gave
  We mean to fight it out;
And while that banner brave
  One rebel rag shall flout,
With volleying arm and flashing glaive
  By Heaven! we fight it out!

Oh, we've heard the rebel yell,
  We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
  And mean to fight it out;
In the flush of perfect triumph,
  And the gloom of utter rout,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
  "We mean to fight it out!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 27, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

If we would all only bear in mind the chances and conditions of every war, we should be less disposed to grumble over our mishaps or reason too confidently from our successes. That the campaign of this summer was to be fierce, protracted, and like all campaigns, uncertain, every thoughtful man was aware. That **Lee**, if too sorely pressed to risk a battle in the open field, could fall back, and with a trained army, behind the defenses of Richmond, hold **Grant** long at bay, was as evident a possibility as it is now a plain fact. That some one or many of the accessory movements of **Grant** might fail, and so delay and embarrass his own operations, was as probable in May as it is proved in August. That **Sherman's** campaign was as dangerous as it was daring; that to penetrate an enemy's country in the face of his army and through a most difficult region where nature was his most efficient ally, to advance further and further from your base, exposing your supplies to the flying assaults of guerrilla hordes hovering upon your flanks and rear, was a movement full of constant peril whose failure would be as unfortunate as its triumph would be magnificent and vital, and that necessarily, both in Virginia and Georgia, the progress of events could not be other than gradual, since only very foolish people believed in a sudden "collapse" of the rebellion, or "breaking its back-bone" at a stroke—all these things we ought to have known if we did not; and we shall individually not plume ourselves very much upon having suggested last April and May, because the consideration was so obvious, to those who wished to wait until August before nominating a President that there was no reason to suppose the campaign would end by August. But because the campaign is not yet decided, because **Grant** is still before Richmond and **Sherman** not yet in possession of Atlanta, we are regaled with the ancient taunt of the enemy, "You can't conquer the South;" and with the old whine of the friend, "Oh dear! the North loves dirt, and wishes to be humiliated."

Now the whole question of this war is a question of character. That the Government—or, in other words, the people—have the power to subdue the rebels and restore the Union, is undeniable. The only inquiry is, will they exert the power, or have they become indifferent? We confess that we see no sign of it. The excitement and enthusiasm of the opening war have of course passed away. The apparent unanimity has disappeared; and the party divisions which in every country, at every period, and in every war, have been developed, are evident among ourselves. The enormous expense, the inevitable civil, military, and naval blunders, which also accompany every great war, have appeared, and with them the bitter partisan appeals to political hostility based upon systematic misrepresentation, and sustained by secret sympathy with the enemy. The foolish prophecies and deceits of the press, which are by no means always willful, but often the result of enthusiasm and imperfect information, have also fitfully exalted and depressed the sensitive national heart, until now, in the fourth year of the war, with a Presidential election coming on, the fury of party difference is so hot that many a doubtful observer wonders whether patriotism is not altogether lost and the country ruined.

No; the time for that question is passed. The enemies of this country never had so fair a chance as in the winter of 1860–61, and that chance is lost forever. Those enemies were united, ready, firm, and every advantage, moral and physical, was theirs. The North—to use a convenient term—was sure neither of its cause nor of its purpose; it doubted not only whether it had a right to fight, but whether it wanted to, or whether it could. Its traditions and habits were all those of peace: it was a trader, and war ruined trade; for slavery it cared very little; the first thing it feared, and had always avoided at any cost, was attempted disunion; the second thing was interruption of its trade; it felt itself doubting, demoralized, half despairing; it saw that it had nine hundred soldiers in its army, four ships in its navy, and five hundred thousand dollars in its treasury; it heard many of the trusted leaders of "Northern" sentiment loudly crying, "Let them go!" "Let them go!" it was sure of nothing whatever but its own doubt. It seemed a moribund, effete nation, a huge mummy, apparently erect, but which the slightest touch would bring down in dust. That was the most horrible, the most humiliating hour that any true American has ever known. And just as the appalled spectator listened to hear the death-rattle from these shriveled lips they suddenly swelled with the red blood from the heart, and the battle-cry of life burst from them exultingly.

Into the struggle we went. Every thing was to do, and every thing was done: armies to be raised and trained; a navy to be built: a treasury to be filled; every kind of treachery and plotted disaster to be encountered and endured; selfishness, incapacity, lying, swindling, upon the most colossal scale and in every department, civil and military; the shame of defeats; the scorn and hostility of foreigners; the gradual unmasking of domestic faction; the angry debates about policy; the imperfect general apprehension of the real nature of the contest; the rise of a rebel party among ourselves under the name of peace; the partisan assertion of State rights against the national supremacy; sharp differences among loyal men; foolish denunciations and personal spites; the menace of imminent financial convulsion and universal ruin—all these difficulties, in every form and in all degrees, the character and spirit, in one word, the patriotism, of the American people has had to encounter and resolve, and it has not failed.

It has maintained tranquillity in the loyal States and steadily repelled invasion; it has raised such an army and fought such battles as no American had conceived; it has built a navy which has successfully blockaded half the Atlantic coast of the continent; it has supplied an adequate currency and averted serious financial panic; it has occupied New Orleans and opened the Mississippi; advanced from the Ohio to Chattanooga, from Chattanooga to Atlanta; it beleaguers the chief rebel host in its capital; it threatens, under auspices of victory, Mobile; it has steadily compressed and reduced the area of the rebellion until now it is striking at its vital centres; while every nerve of the rebel strength is strained, every man, woman, and child that a despotism of terror can drag into the service is arrayed against us, stimulated by every frantic appeal, and assured that they are defending their hearths and their honor. Meanwhile the Government, so patient and forbearing as to alienate some of its most loyal friends who denounce it as weak and vacillating and stupid, yet so resolute and prompt as to be cursed by its factious enemies as an intolerable tyranny, stands ready to hear and consider every authorized offer of peace which may be made by the rebels. No man whose opinion is free from factious bias believes that the Government wishes another shot fired in this war, or has any other desire than the restoration and permanent security of the Union.

If these things are so—and who will deny it—is there any reason for shaking and shuddering? We all meet a great many loud Copperheads and faint-hearted patriots every day; but in all wars the grumblers, and doubters, and opponents are always apparently more numerous than the devoted and energetic friends, unless—as in France in '93, and in the slave States now—the opposition is suppressed by terror. There are not half so many Copperheads and faint-hearted patriots among us now as there were in the Revolution. Every difficulty we encounter was ten-fold greater in our fathers' time. Sometimes the clouds of discontent and opposition were so thick that **Washington** himself was almost discouraged. But he knew that a people which had been willing to try the struggle with the great British empire could not fail. It was a question of character, and the quality of character had been shown by undertaking the contest. So with us, the odds against the Government at the opening of this war were enormous. But they have been baffled. The sneers, the grumbles, the threats, the denunciations, the appeals, the doleful prophecies, the shouts of enemies, the dismal quakings of friends, do not and can not avail against a clear, steady, patriotic purpose which carries the nation along. The Cowboys of the Revolution tinkled their dolorous bells like the Copperhead Conservatives of the rebellion. But the people were neither cows nor cowards; and they made a nation. Their children have already shown themselves worthy of their sires. Be of good cheer, O ye of little faith! the soul of the American people is marching on.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE GOVERNMENT.

That the Administration is not the Government is a very favorite proposition of those who refuse the slightest sympathy or aid to the war. It is certainly not a very original proposition, but it is urged with all the ardor of a new discovery and the excitement of a profound truth. A man, for instance, sneers at every measure of the Administration; embarrasses in every way the raising of men and money; misrepresents every loyal act, and is unending in his praises of the rebel ability, courage, and resources, and in his censure of the outrageous conduct of the North in exasperating the Southern gentlemen to revolt; in fact, gives all the moral aid and comfort in his power to the men who are trying to destroy the Union. If you tell him that he is not a very strong friend of the Government, he replies with the air of a man who is making an excellent repartee, "Sir, the Administration is not the Government."

Very true: neither is the body the soul. But when a Government is assailed a man can pursue but one of two courses; he must either help save the Government by aiding those who administer it, or by refusing to aid them he must co-operate with the enemy.

For instance, if a Government is attacked by force, it must have men to defend itself; and it can call for them and use them only through the Administration. But if you go about denouncing the Administration as tyrannical, oppressive, and wicked, and insist that its purposes are selfish and base, you do all you can to overthrow the Government, because you endeavor to prevent the raising of men by the Administration, by which means only can the Government be defended. So with the loan: if you decry the credit of the nation, prophesy inevitable financial ruin, extol the desperate determination of the enemy to be annihilated rather than to submit, and promise every poor man death instead of a chicken in his pot, you hinder the Administration from raising money; and you consequently do all you can to destroy the Government, which can not be maintained without it.

The Government is visible and practicable, and operative only in the Administration. Our Government is the administration of the power of the people by their consent, and according to the Constitution. If the people elect a Congress which passes laws which the Administration executes, and any citizen, saying that the laws are unconstitutional, refuses to obey, he is forced to yield or to pay the penalty of disobedience. If he can persuade a great body of others to join him, they may exclude the Administration; but they have also overthrown the Government, because the fundamental law prescribes a course of action, in case of dissent, which they have not regarded.

Therefore for a party to say that they will support an administration so far as it acts constitutionally is folly. For does the Constitution make them or any citizen the judge of what is constitutional? Does a measure or policy become unconstitutional because a party caucus or convention denounces it as such? Besides, if a party is honestly persuaded that an administration is unconstitutional in its general policy, how can it support it in raising an army, for instance, by which it may enforce its unconstitutional measures? The Opposition say that they are in favor of the Government which is endangered by the Administration. How, then, can they conscientiously strengthen an administration which threatens the Government?

This is the point upon which the logic of Mr. **Fernando Wood** is stronger than that of those who declare their hostility to the Administration, and yet insist upon supporting the Government by men and money. The truth is, the Government of the United States is to be attacked and defended only in the Administration. Elect a peace Administration, and you overthrow that Government. Elect a war Administration, and evidently you can maintain the Government only by supporting the Administration; which is, in other words, supporting its policy. Therefore, if any man believed, what a great many men say, that the Administration is trying to overthrow the Government, it would be his patriotic duty to save it by depriving the Administration of men and money. But to do that is to secure the triumph of the rebellion. What then? He is of opinion that the Administration is as rebellious as the rebellion.

It was a great political blunder of the Opposition not to see and avoid the danger of the cry that the Administration is not the Government, and that the Administration is unconstitutional—because that led them to justify those who refuse to support the Administration, which a man with one eye could see was surrendering the Government, and so placed them by the side of the rebels. The true point of attack should have been the attempt to show what they would denounce as the folly, the weakness, the blunders, the extravagance of the Administration, while they stoutly supported its calls for men and money: showing as artfully as possible that the Administration with all its faults must be endured because it was constitutionally elected, and the alternative of its overthrow was anarchy; while the war should be prosecuted more vigorously and more economically under another administration. This is what **Douglas** would have done—what any great party leader would have done.

Instead of this they denounce the Administration as treacherous to the Government, and thereby compel themselves to follow Mr. **Fernando Wood**. Does any sane American suppose that that following leads to national union, liberty, or honor? This war is to be prosecuted to the victory of the Union, or it is to be stopped upon terms that rebels may prescribe. Is there any possible candidate among those who have opposed the Administration whose name would be a guarantee of greater vigor in conducting the war? And if not, is not the defeat of the Administration a step toward the overthrow of the Government?

DAWSON'S "FEDERALIST."

Some months since appeared a large and handsome edition of the *Federalist*, edited by Mr. **Henry B. Dawson**. The publication was presently followed by a highly animated correspondence in the papers between the editor, Mr. **Dawson**, and Messrs. **James A. Hamilton** and **John Jay**, mainly touching the aid and approbation the latter gentlemen were asserted or implied to have given to the new edition. So far as the controversy was personal we believe it is ended; but in "Mr. **Jay's** Second Letter on **Dawson's** Introduction to the *Federalist*" there are points of profound public concern.

We have more than once alluded to the attempt now making to denationalize the Union in the popular mind. The friends and political allies of the rebel leaders, under the cry of State Rights and State Sovereignty, are following Mr. **Calhoun** in his effort to establish the popular conviction that the Union is a League of sovereign and independent States, and that the Constitution is a treaty of whose obligations, as of the scope of his allegiance to it, each sovereign is the judge. This doctrine, of course, is the end of the Union, of the Government, and of the Nation; and is the complete triumph of the rebellion. The *Federalist* has been always considered the impregnable defense of the doctrine of American nationality in the Union. It was therefore a skillful plan of the enemies of the Union to attempt to undermine that defense. This plan, according to Mr. **Jay**, has been matured, and the object of his Second Letter is to show that **Scribner's** comely edition of the *Federalist* is and is to be edited by Mr. **Dawson**, for a second volume is yet to come, to shake the fundamental faith of the American people in the truth that their fathers in forming the Union practically founded a nation.

It seems that our old friends of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, headed by Mr. **S. F. B. Morse**, issued, some time during the last year, a work called "Citizenship Sovereignty, by J. S. Wright, assisted by Professor J. Holmes Agnew, D.D., Chicago. Published for American citizens, the true maintainers of State Sovereignty"—no name of printer or publisher appearing. The burden of this book, as the reader may suspect, is the loveliness of human slavery, and the doctrine that "a sovereign State should be unaccountable to all else but Deity." Calhoun and the secession philosophers, Bishop Hopkins and the slavery apologists, are of course duly eulogized, and Europe is called upon to recognize the Confederacy that has so nobly maintained itself: this, it appears, being the kind of political information which the members of the society are so anxious to diffuse.

In the course of the work Mr. Wright censures Mr. Motley's letter to the London *Times* at the opening of our war; but adds, by way of comfort to the enemies of the American Union, that "Mr. Henry B. Dawson has a rod in pickle that will be sufficient to whip him [Mr. Motley] into the traces." The context shows Mr. Wright's perfect familiarity with Mr. Dawson's views. "The chief point of difference between us is that he [Mr. Henry B. Dawson] considers the word 'nation' should never be used in connection with the United States, each State being the only 'nation,' whereas it appears to the writer [Mr. Wright] that, with clear conceptions that each State is the real nation, the United States may properly be called a 'nation' of nations. Mr. Dawson's edition of the *Federalist* has been alluded to, and his valuable notes will be found coincident with the views herein taken, and will be followed with the publication of other debates connected with the adoption of our Constitution, most opportune, and furnishing important information of which few have knowledge......His extensive historical explorations convinced him years ago that we were all wrong about the *theory* of our Government."

This is the useful political knowledge which is diffused, in the "Society's" own style and grammar, of the new edition of the *Federalist;* namely, that it is edited by (as Mr. Jay informs us) an Englishman, Mr. Henry B. Dawson, who has already, in print, charged, without proving, General Putnam with complicity in Arnold's treason; and who now undertakes, as Mr. Jay contends, to shake the national reverence for the men who exposed the essential folly of the doctrine of State sovereignty; to show that the evils of the old Confederacy did not spring from the nature of the bond; and that the Constitution was foisted upon the nation by false pretenses and political trickery.

Every one who reads Mr. Dawson's introduction can judge from its tone whether his editorial intention was to strengthen or to weaken public respect for the authors of the *Federalist*, and to confirm or destroy the conviction, essential to the maintenance of the Union, that we are a nation and not a Confederacy. But while this may be a matter of inference from the introduction, the quotations from the work of Mr. Wright's, which Mr. Jay publishes in his "Second Letter," leave little doubt that the intention of Mr. Dawson's edition of the *Federalist* is to show us that "we are all wrong about the theory of our Government;" that sovereignty belongs to the States, not to the nation; that, consequently, secession is a reserved right; the war against secession wicked, and the Union at an end.

TO UNION MEN.

The rebel papers, considering that they are printed in what they call another country, are curiously interested in the political movements of this country. They print long columns of anxious speculation, and then assure us that they have no shadow of interest in the matter, and that their contempt for us and our affairs exceeds expression. A recent performance of this kind in the Richmond *Examiner* is peculiarly amusing. It thinks it sees signs that the Administration is to be defeated, and it can not conceal its joy. Its ribaldry is as remarkable as in the days that followed Sumter, when it was full of fervid longings that the Yankees would only come down and be soundly flogged by the slaves, since Southern gentlemen disdained the dirty business of whipping them with their own hands. Since then, however, at Vicksburg, at New Orleans, at Gettysburg, and in Virginia and Georgia the Southern gentlemen were not disinclined to try their hands; and it is a curious and interesting fact that they have whipped the Yankees all the way from Gettysburg to Petersburg, and from the Ohio to Atlanta, and will probably not be satisfied until they have whipped the scoundrels into the Gulf.

The Richmond *Examiner* says with solemn exultation, in words that are the just indication of the dignity of the rebel cause and the honorable spirit in which it is conducted: "The obscene ape of Illinois is about to be deposed from the Washington purple...... He was in the eyes of all mankind an unanswerable argument for our secession; he stood there a living justification, seven feet high, of the steadfast resolution of these States to hold no more political union with a race capable not only of producing such a being, but of making it a ruler and king."

There is a great deal more in this strain, which is peculiar to a baby-selling chivalry—a strain in which Jefferson Davis showed himself an accomplished adept when he called his fellow-citizens against whom he has drawn the sword "hyenas."

But such articles show, what is not sufficiently apprehended by ourselves, the moral value of the maintenance of the Administration. Contemporary with this Administration, the war for the Union is necessarily identified with it. The rebels and their friends the Copperheads have constantly denounced it as "Lincoln's war;" while our own foreign friends and enemies have always regarded the President as the accepted exponent of the war. The rebels undoubtedly mean, therefore, to show a brave front until after the election. They know if, by holding on, they can only fatigue or dishearten loyal men to the point of declaring that they must have a change merely for the sake of change, that the defeat of Mr. Lincoln will be accepted by their own population as a sign of desire to compromise and yield, while it will be understood by foreign powers in the same way, and assure them that the hour has come for successful mediation, recognition, or interference.

The one thing which, under the circumstances, would be the most valuable to the rebels is the defeat of Mr. Lincoln; while, on the other hand, his re-election would be the most shattering blow to them. For it would say plainly to the whole world that the loyal people of the United States, while they differed upon many points of policy, were heartily agreed upon the one great essential aim of the maintenance of the Union by arms against all who by arms seek its overthrow: that failures of many kinds were inseparable from all human enterprises; that, as they had begun, they meant to finish; and that while there were many faithful and devoted patriots in their ranks, there was no one more faithful or more devoted than the President, who had borne so patiently the heat and burden of the day. Any change whatever shows some kind of dissatisfaction with the war and its policy. But the re-election of the President reveals a grim and impregnable resolution, the earnest of absolute victory.

AN ARMISTICE.

A cry for an armistice is sometimes heard. Let us stop fighting for six months, shouts some newspaper or orator, and call a Convention of the North and South, and see if they haven't had enough of it, and on what conditions they will come back.

It might be replied to this suggestion that the rebels began this war by firing upon Fort Sumter, have maintained it ever since, and do not ask for an armistice. The Government is merely maintaining its existence, and is ready to stop fighting the moment its enemies retire from the contest. Can it honorably expose itself to the insults as well as to the blows of rebels? To this it is answered that the question is too grave to be settled upon points of etiquette, and that the Government can postpone its dignity until it ascertains whether the rebels refuse offers of conciliation.

But no Government can postpone its dignity without fatal harm. If a Convention should be offered and spurned the result would not be the union of the North, as prophesied—it would be loyal indignation with the weakness of the Government, and Copperhead assertion that it was the fault of the Government that the project failed. Whatever the issue of the proposition the Government must lose. If it were refused, the entire responsibility would be thrown upon it by its enemies. If it were accepted, who would guarantee that the rebels would abide by the result of the Convention? They believe absolutely in State rights; are they likely to relinquish that faith upon our summons, who have been fighting them upon that very point for three years? If they say they will relinquish it, does any body propose to believe them?

Or again, are any better terms of union possible than the Constitution of the United States, which the rebels repudiate? The rebellion is not a new thing in intention. They plead total incompatibility of political conviction and social principle with us. The whole generation of fighting men among them has been carefully educated in that belief. They think that the tendency of the country under the Constitution is to the destruction of those convictions and principles. In the midst of a war in which they yet have great armies in the field, are they likely to change their belief at the invitation of those whom they regard as enemies?

They would use the armistice to strengthen their lines; their allies, the Copperheads among ourselves, would use it to distract and divide the North; and if the negotiations failed it would be found, as it always is, that the proposer of the armistice had lost all its advantages. The rebels discuss these questions as well as we. The Richmond *Examiner* warns the Chicago Convention that the only chance of its party lies in proposing an armistice, and upon what conditions? These: "a formal renunciation of all right and pretense to coerce these States; and, of course, an entire withdrawal of all land and sea forces." Then, says the paper, the Northern States will be in a condition to propose reconstruction and a Convention to negotiate the terms.

What is this but asking us to concede that States have the right to secede—that the Union is dissolved—and that a new convention may decide upon a new Constitution? The *Examiner* does not promise a favorable result of such a policy; but it will be observed that it does not insist upon separation. Why should it, since by the very terms precedent separation is conceded? When we allow that the old Union is gone, they profess their possible willingness to consider the formation of a new one. But if they think it unadvisable to form a new one, we shall have renounced the right "to coerce States."

This is the feast to which "an armistice" invites us; and does any body seriously suppose the rebels will meet us in conventions while our armies and navies are upon the Southern coasts and in the Southern centres? This war will end in one of two ways; either the rebellion will overthrow the Government, or the Government will subdue the rebellion.

FARRAGUT.

The part of the navy in the summer's campaign, if it begins late, begins gloriously. Farragut has already joined his name to those most cherished in our naval history, and no such history is more splendid than the American. Our children will speak of Farragut as we speak of Perry and Decatur, of Lawrence and Preble. The action at the mouth of Mobile Bay reminds us of the remark made by the traitor Commodore Barron, who was captured at Hatteras Inlet. He was in Fort Warren, and heard the recital from a newspaper of Farragut's victorious entry at New Orleans. Profoundly interested, and forgetting his treason, and remembering only the glory of the service with which his own name had been honorably associated, Barron exclaimed, vehemently, "Yes, yes; I tell you nothing can stand against our navy."

There is not a loyal man or boy, not a true woman or girl, in the land who does not rejoice in the victory of Farragut and his gallant men, or grieve in sympathy with the hearts that bleed for Craven and his honored crew. The duty of the navy in this war has been enormous and difficult, but how bravely it has been done! Its victories have been, in a sense, more impressive than any others. The baffling of the *Merrimac*, the passing Fort Jackson, the destruction of the huge rebel ram the *Mississippi* and the reduction of New Orleans, Porter's exploits upon the Western waters, the sinking of the *Alabama*, and now the occupation of Mobile Bay, are all single events that shine with signal lustre in the story of the war.

We do not enter into the Monitor quarrel. That they are totally useless no one who remembers the day in Hampton Roads is likely to believe, while that very day may have caused too great confidence in them as the only valuable vessels. Farragut's feeling about "fighting in an iron kettle" is very intelligible, nor less so his love of hearts of iron in ribs of oak. Certainly the oaken ribs of a certain flag-ship *Hartford* will not soon be despised or forgotten. The operations at Mobile may proceed, or the end in view may be already accomplished by the possession of the bay. But whatever follows, the sailors of the Union stand side by side with its soldiers. Over the heads of each floats the same old flag. In the hearts of each burns the same invincible purpose—Union and Liberty!

"The army and navy forever,
And three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

General Grant has resumed operations on the James River. On Saturday, August 13, General Hancock was thrown across to Deep Bottom, near Dutch Gap. A few days previously his corps had been embarked, as the enemy supposed, to move down the river. Instead of going down, however, the fleet went up, and landed as above stated, when the Second Corps was reinforced by a great portion of the Tenth, and the entire command was formed on Foster's right, threatening a strong position of the enemy in that neighborhood. An attack was made, and 500 prisoners were taken, with six pieces of cannon and two mortars. General Burnside has returned home on furlough, his command being transferred to General Willcox. Butler at last reports was digging a canal at Dutch Gap, which was to shorten the travel along the James. The rebels have been trying to disturb the work by their shells.

Sheridan has advanced against the rebel force in the Shenandoah. The latter is reported to have been reinforced by twenty thousand men. From a dispatch of Sheridan's, dated August 14, we learn that Early has not been able to take away from Maryland or Pennsylvania sufficient plunder to materially benefit the rebel army.

General Sherman's lines on August 8 reached from the Chattanooga Railroad to within a mile and a half of the Macon road, Schofield holding the extreme right. These lines are very strongly fortified, in that respect rivaling the works of defense about Atlanta. On the 6th there was a battle, of which the details have not yet reached us. Hood has been strongly reinforced since he assumed command. All the militia of Georgia has joined his ranks, and it is given out in rebel journals that he has been strengthened by large accessions from Lee's army.

The following dispatch to Secretary Welles from Admiral Farragut, dated August 5, tells its own story in regard to the Admiral's late success in Mobile Bay:

"Sir,—I have the honor to report to the Department that this morning I entered Mobile Bay, passing between Forts Morgan and Gaines, and encountering the rebel ram *Tennessee* and gun-boats of the enemy, viz., *Selma*, *Morgan*, and *Gaines*. The attacking fleet was under way by 5.45 A.M., in the following order: The *Brooklyn*, with the *Octoroon* on her port side; *Hartford*, with the *Metacomet*; *Richmond*, with the *Port Royal*; *Lackawanna*, with the *Seminole*; *Monongahela*, with the *Tecumseh*; *Ossipee*, with the *Itasco*; and the *Oneida*, with the *Galena*. On the starboard of the fleet was the proper position of the Monitors or iron-clads. The wind was light from the southwest, and the sky cloudy, with very little sun. Fort Morgan opened upon us at ten minutes past 7 o'clock, and soon after this the action became lively. As we steamed up the main ship channel there was some difficulty ahead, and the *Hartford* passed on ahead of the *Brooklyn*. At 7.40 the *Tecumseh* was struck by a torpedo and sunk, going down very rapidly, and carrying down with her all the officers and crew, with the exception of the pilot and eight or ten men, who were saved by a boat that I sent from the *Metacomet*, which was alongside of me. The *Hartford* had passed the forts before 8 o'clock, and finding myself raked by the rebel gun-boats, I ordered the *Metacomet* to cast off and go in pursuit of them, one of which, the *Selma*, she succeeded in capturing. All the vessels had passed the forts by half past 8, but the rebel ram *Tennessee* was still apparently uninjured, in our rear. A signal was at once made to all the fleet to turn again and attack the ram, not only with guns, but with orders to run her down at full speed. The *Monongahela* was the first that struck her, and though she may have injured her badly, yet she did not succeed in disabling her. The *Lackawanna* also struck her, but ineffectually. The flag-ship gave her a severe shock with her bow, and as she passed poured into her a whole port broadside of solid 9-inch shot and thirteen pounds of powder, at a distance of not more than twelve feet. The iron-clads were closing upon her, and the *Hartford* and the rest of the fleet were bearing down upon her, when, at 10 A.M., she surrendered. The rest of the rebel fleet, namely, the *Morgan* and *Gaines*, succeeded in getting back under the protection of Fort Morgan. This terminated the action of the day. Admiral Buchanan sent me his sword, being himself badly wounded with a compound fracture of the leg, which it is supposed will have to be amputated. Having had many of my own men wounded, and the surgeon of the *Tennessee* being very desirous to have Admiral Buchanan removed to the hospital, I sent a flag of truce to the commanding officer of Fort Morgan, Brigadier-General Richard L. Page, to say that if he would allow the wounded of the fleet, as well as their own, to be taken to Pensacola, where they could be better cared for than here, I would send out one of our vessels, provided she would be permitted to return, bringing back nothing she did not take out. General Page consented, and the *Metacomet* was dispatched."

The casualties on board the Federal fleet amounted to 129 killed and wounded. Twenty officers and one hundred and seventy men were captured on the rebel ram *Tennessee*. On the *Selma* were taken ninety officers and men.

On the morning of the 8th Fort Gaines surrendered unconditionally, with 56 commissioned officers, 818 enlisted men, its entire armament of 26 guns, and a year's provisions. Fort Powell was deserted by its garrison, leaving 18 guns behind them. General Granger, in connection with the fleet, then proceeded to the reduction of Fort Morgan.

This success gives us command of Mobile Bay. It is expected that the capture of Fort Morgan must speedily follow. The rebels have by this defeat lost another valuable port of entry, and have also lost their most valuable fleet.

There are two entrances to the bay; one by the eastern projection of Dauphin Island, called the Swash Channel, which is employed by all ships of heavy tonnage; the other by the north of Dauphin Island, between it and Cedar Point, the southermost extension of the main land. The Swash Channel has about eighteen feet of water, and is between two and three miles broad. The island which divides these channels is narrow, and about ten miles long. The passage between the island and the main land is not practicable for vessels of heavy draught. The approach of an attacking fleet must therefore be made by the Swash Channel. Mobile Point, a low and sandy continuation of the eastern main land, makes out for nearly twenty miles to the west of the main land, and has its termination fortified by Fort Morgan. Fort Morgan mounts one hundred and thirty-six guns. Fort Gaines, upon the other side of the channel, was commenced but not finished before the rebellion. It was designed to co-operate with Fort Morgan, and by a cross-fire render entrance impossible. It is said to mount fifty guns, which is the number for which it was intended. Between these two forts, a line of spile obstructions stretched under the guns of the forts, with a single narrow opening near Fort Morgan for the ingress and egress of blockade-runners. This opening was commanded by a number of heavy guns, trained upon it from the fort, and was constantly patrolled by picket boats.

The other opening, known as Grant's Pass, which was employed by the line of steamers plying between Mobile and New Orleans, is dominated by Fort Powell on the southernmost point of the western coast of the main land, which mounts twelve guns; by a water battery of nine long-range guns, and a series of earth-works, whose armament is not known. Sand Island, which lies a little beyond Fort Gaines, has been prepared with earth-works and armed with heavy guns. After the bay has been entered there is a long line of intrenchments on the seaward side of the city, and another line on its land front.

The whole southeastern front of the city, from the Alabama River to a little stream called Dog River, is strongly intrenched, with twelve independent earth-works of considerable size in their rear. These intrenchments, and one of the channels to the city, are, in their turn, strengthened by a battery of nine guns on Point Pintos, which rakes them. A battery of five guns at Garrow's Bend lends aid to that on Point Pintos, and sweeps the channel and its obstructions for three miles. Other earth-works near the city are built to repulse an attack from Spring Hill, supposing our forces to march from Portersville, on the Mississippi Sound. These are said to be eighteen miles in length, and are mounted with ordnance of an inferior quality. A casemated battery has also been constructed in the marsh, which was built up with dirt and spiles for that purpose, and is armed with three 100-pound rifles, four 9-inch Dahlgren guns, and three ordinary 32's. Near the Alabama River there is a redoubt to aid the marsh battery, which commands a portion of the bay. Another redoubt mounting four guns is north of this on the railway. The railroad bridge at Three-mile Run is guarded by a redoubt. The great earth-work, several miles in extent, which stretches from the shell road entirely around the city to the Alabama River, is several miles long, defended by breast-works and rifle-pits. A battery of six guns is erected between the shell road and Alabama River. The army which holds these various fortifications is under the command of Major-General Dabney S. Maury. The total number of guns mounted in the various defenses is 217. Just below the city a bar outside of shelling distance permits the passage only of vessels which draw but 8 or 10 feet of water.

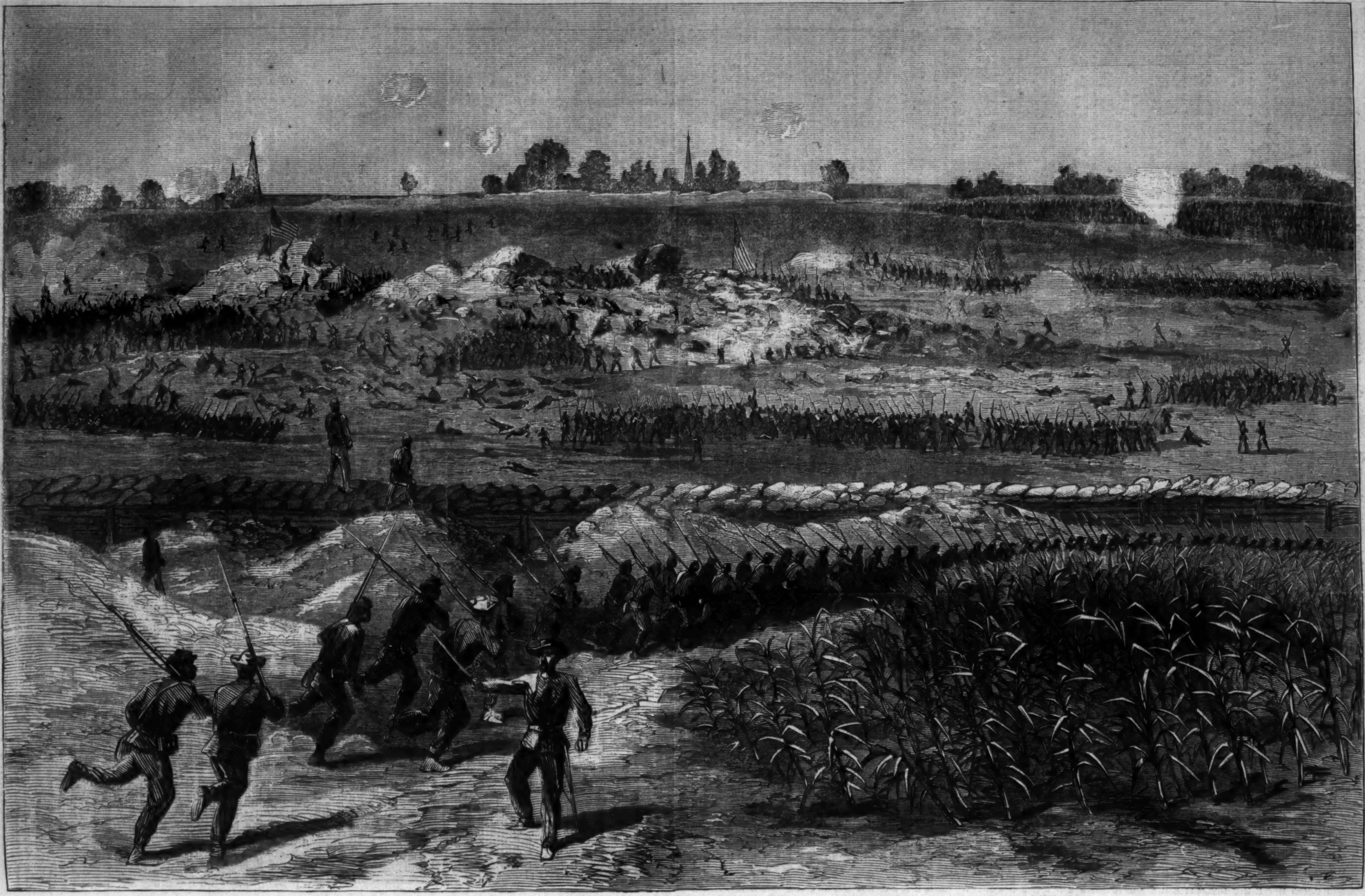
On Thursday, August 11, a new rebel privateer, the *Tallahassee*, Captain John Taylor Wood, appeared off New York harbor, and in the course of six hours captured and burned six vessels. Since that time she has been daily adding to her list of prizes. The *Tallahassee* is an iron steamer, with two smoke-stacks, two screws, about two hundred and thirty feet in length, twenty feet beam, and draws about nine feet of water. She is fore and aft schooner rigged; mounts three guns, one small one on the topgallant forecastle, a long 32-pounder amidships, and a 24-pounder aft. She carries four waist boats. Her crew consists of about one hundred and twenty persons, including the officers. Men of all nationalities are represented on board, most of whom are said to be soldiers from Lee's army. She is said to have run out of Wilmington about six days ago, without having been seen by any of Admiral Lee's blockaders. She has quite a quantity of cotton on board to protect her boilers, and there are four barrels of turpentine on deck to be used in firing vessels. Thirteen vessels have been dispatched by Secretary Welles in pursuit of the *Tallahassee*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

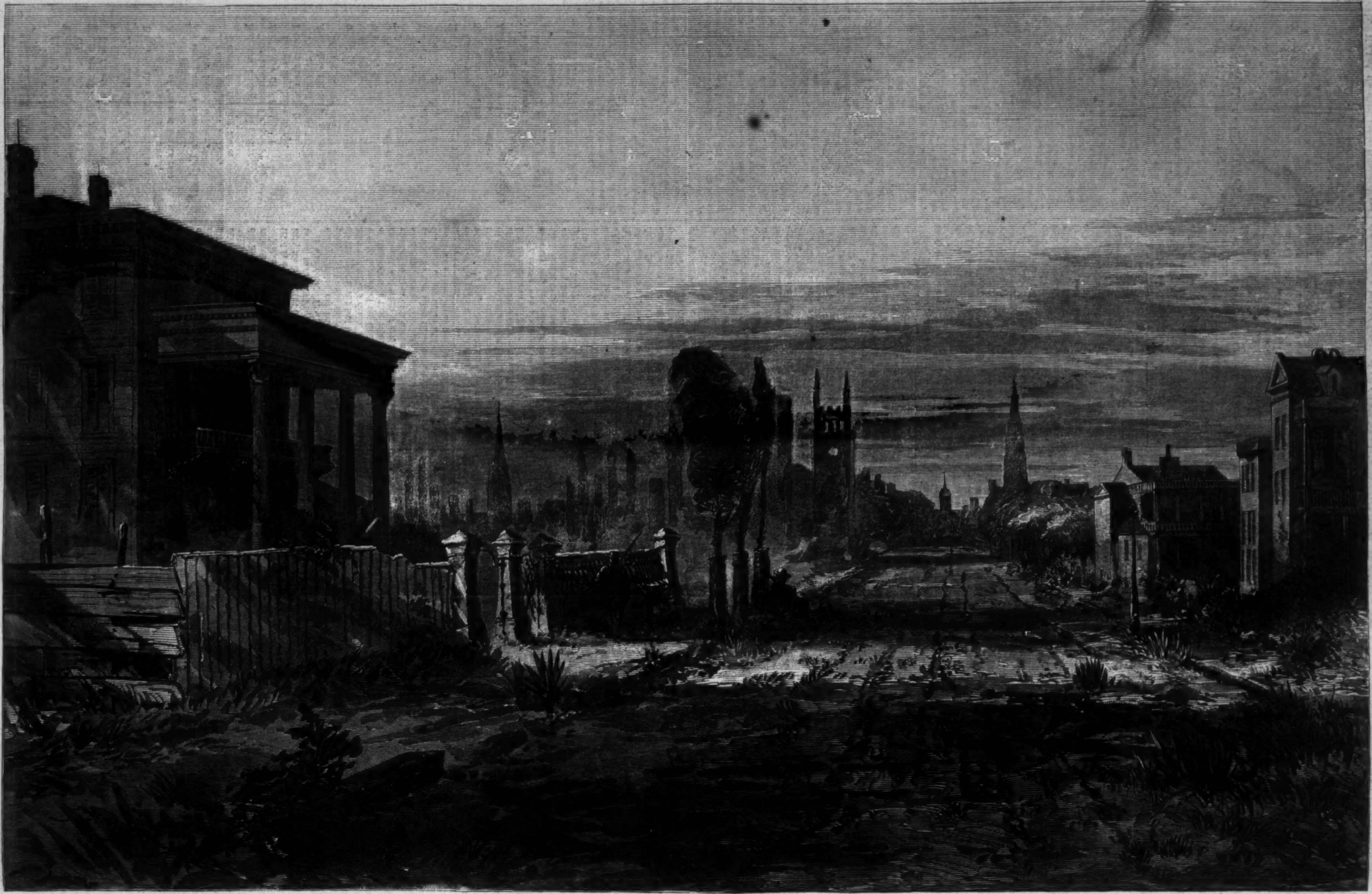
EUROPE.

Denmark has resigned her claims upon Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, and peace has been concluded between her and the German Allies. There is to be no further burden laid on Jutland, only the German army is to retain its position in that province until all the details of the treaty are settled.

The news of the peace negotiations lately undertaken at Niagara had reached England and were variously commented on by the British press. The Manchester *Examiner* regards the operations in the light of a political diversion; the London *Star* strongly approves Mr. Lincoln's letter; while the London *Times* infers from the whole proceeding that the North is tired of the war.



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE CHARGE ON CEMETERY RIDGE, AFTER THE EXPLOSION, JULY 30, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 550.]



QUARTERS OF THE UNION OFFICERS EXPOSED TO THE FEDERAL FIRE IN CHARLESTON.—Sketched by One of the Officers.—[See Page 550.]

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

The lonely wooden village
Lies far beneath our eyes,
The cattle bells are tinkling
Where rocky hills arise;
There are no fertile meadows,
Nor forests wild and free;
We climb the rugged pathway
And watch the distant sea.

But 'mid the stony mountains
Grow flowers fair and sweet,
And tufts of fragrant heart's-ease
Are smiling at our feet.
Do they grow in dear New England?
I never looked before;
With oaks and silver beeches,
I cared for nothing more.

But now I stoop and gather
The loveliness I see,
And every tiny blossom
Brings happiness to me.
I forget the noble forests,
The oaks and hazel bowers,
And bless the rocky mountains
For the beauty of their flowers.

When in the land of sorrow
We climb the weary hill,
We leave the rich green meadows
That were so calm and still;
The rocks close in around us,
The air is sharp and cold,
We can not help regretting
The summer days of old.

But though the great are taken,
Small pleasures still are left;
Stoop down, and we shall gather
A blossom in each cleft;
And though our thoughts may wander
To lost and lovely bowers,
We bless the rocky mountains
For the beauty of their flowers!

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

On our first page and on page 548 we give sketches illustrating General Grant's campaign before Petersburg. The scene of the Explosion at City Point, which occurred August 9, and which is illustrated on our first page, was along the new pine wharf at the main steamboat landing. This wharf was one-third of a mile in length. Back from its edge ten or twelve feet was the large new Government warehouse, also of pine, nearly coextensive in length with the wharf, and answering as a dépôt for the railroad which conveys supplies to the army. Across the railroad, and at the foot of the hill on which the small town is situated, was a new row of buildings, accommodating the Post-office, Adams's Express office, and the Quarter-master's office. Upon the hill, besides about a dozen houses, were numerous tents for soldiers. On the morning of the explosion three barges, the *Major-General Meade*, the *J. E. Kendrick*, and the *J. C. Campbell* lay close to the wharf. The *J. E. Kendrick* was loaded with ammunition, and it was on this boat that the mischief was developed from a too careless handling of the ammunition. The 11.30 A.M. train was just about to start out when a stunning shock was heard, and the air was piled thick with the ruinous fragments which in their fall rained down upon the tents and houses on the hill, and upon the heads of passengers on board the train, scattering the ground for a mile around with muskets, shells, bolt-heads, and the ribs of exploded barges. The *Kendrick* was blown to atoms with the loss of all on board—a dozen or more of souls. The captain was absent. The *General Meade* and the *Campbell* were destroyed and sunk with little if any loss of life. The wharf was torn up, the warehouse was destroyed, and the railroad cars shattered, though not irreparably, by the concussion. The row of buildings the other side of the railroad was crushed. The entire loss of property was about two millions. The loss of life was not so large as might have been expected. Upward of 50 were killed, 32 of whom were colored laborers. Besides these nearly a hundred were wounded, a great proportion slightly. It was altogether a melancholy and heart-sickening accident.

The illustration on page 548 represents the charge which followed the explosion in front of Petersburg, July 30. This sketch gives also a more detailed outline of the scene of the exploded mine. The heights shown in the picture are those of Cemetery Ridge, and were the points aimed at by our troops. In the fore-ground is the crater formed in the rebel works by the explosion. Here it was that our soldiers were massed for further efforts, while in the mean time troops are hurrying up for support. This was the ground also of the flag of truce, and was literally covered with the fallen.

THE FEDERAL OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN CHARLESTON.

We give on page 549 an illustration representing the quarters allotted to the fifty Union prisoners lately imprisoned and held under fire in Charleston. The principal interest connected with this sketch is the disclosure which it makes of the ravaging desolation brought by our fleet upon the city. As many as fifty shells a day are lodged in the city. Buildings on all sides are torn to pieces. General Seymour, one of the officers confined in these quarters, was one of General Anderson's garrison at Fort Sumter when that fort was assaulted by the rebels. He had, therefore, many influential acquaintances there, and in this way became the recipient of many courtesies. On their way to Charleston the Federal prisoners were treated with great indignity; the food given them was poor, and barely sufficient to sustain life. The quarters in which they were confined were at the corner of Broad and Rutledge streets. The sketch is by one of the officers confined. It seem that, although nominally under fire, only one shell came near them, and that not sufficiently near to do any harm.

DISCIPLINED.

I.

I was as unreasonable and undisciplined a girl at twenty as I had been two years before; and yet I had seen some trouble in those two years, that ought to have schooled my rebellious nature to a quieter endurance of ills which, after all, did not fill my life to more bitter repletion than many another.

Brought up in affluence, I found myself, by the death of my only surviving parent—my father—reduced suddenly to utter penury.

Nobody knew how it had happened, and I never tried to understand. I was too wicked and rebellious, too impatient of the pain and grief so unusual to me, to care to know why I was poor.

I was poor. I, with my luxurious tastes, my dainty fancies, my indolent habits, I had become poor. And when they told me that, at the end of all the grief that I had been through in those days after my father's death, I said, angrily, that what was to become of me God only knew. I had one of those natures that rebel at pain, that resent its approach, and when a great blow falls, instead of yielding to it, meet it with a passionate and unreasoning resistance. The lady principal of the school at which I was when these successive blows fell—the death of my father and the loss of fortune—offered me a situation as teacher of music and drawing in her establishment. In a kind of haughty scorn of the pride that was strong within me, and which such a position—there among my whilom aristocratic school-mates—must so outrage, I accepted the situation, and retained it, through what rack of pain and defiance only my own soul knew, and it is no matter to tell here.

My salary was a stinted one, and my duties, from my very ignorance of what was due me, were made almost unendurably onerous. I had been the haughtiest young chit of them all in my palmy days, and in my lowered estate I received, measure for measure, what I had meted out to others; though I must say for myself that my pride and hauteur had never vented itself on such helplessness as mine was now. I had never taunted the fallen—no, thank God! never that. My scorn had been for those who were my equals in worldly position. For them I evinced my preference or dislikes in a reckless way that made me enemies, who openly exulted in what they called my downfall.

I have no wish to dwell upon particulars. School-girl troubles have a bitterness of their own, and school-girls are capable of being as cruel, in their peculiar fashion, as those old Pagans were who tortured the martyrs. Never mind; the end of it all was, that when Philip Warburton sought me out and asked me a second time to be his wife (he had asked me the first time two years before) I said "Yes," scorning myself for saying it, for I did not love him; but I thought any thing would be preferable to the indignity of the position I was in, and I said Yes.

Philip Warburton was a man twice my own age—not a man to act rashly. For reasons of his own he did not offer to marry me at once. He took me away from all that pain and humiliation, and placed me with a lady friend to rest and recover my jaded spirits, he said. He committed me to her with many charges that I was to be well taken care of; and at the last, ere he left me, he told me, with a grave kindness that touched me some, that I was to be happy and learn to love him. He saw very plainly that I did not yet.

Mrs. Lawrence was a widow lady with one son—he away in the army.

I was not patient in those days. I was bitter at the need that had tempted me to accept the *charity* of Philip Warburton—for so I named it in my scorn—*I*—living upon the charity of the man I had promised to marry! Every time I thought of it I writhed; but I was too proud to tell him so, and too cowardly to return to my former position as musical drudge for Madame A——

He wrote often; I, rarely; but he never came to see me; and I was thankful for that; for, far from feeling any grateful tenderness toward this man, who was so patient with my waywardness, so kind to my need, so delicate of my delicacy, I thought of him only as one who had taken advantage of my position to make himself my tyrant. I constantly contemplated my fetters, and made them galling by hating them.

Mr. Warburton made a great mistake in supposing that he could win the love of a spirit like mine by loading it with favors. I staid gloomily where he had left me; but I never wore any of the presents he sent me, I never spent any of the money he so lavishly supplied me with. I repaired and altered old dresses, and put his money and his presents away as much out of my sight as possible, and tried to choke myself on the crust I was eating at his expense.

In the end I wrote to Madame A—— asking to be taken back. But she did not want me now, and nobody else wanted me that I could discover—nobody that I asked; so I staid sullenly at Mrs. Lawrence's, eating the bread that Philip Warburton paid for, and growing more bitter and impatient as the weeks wore on till—till Robert Lawrence came suddenly and unexpectedly home from the army on sick leave. The pale, handsome, kind young soldier!

At first I avoided him, as I avoided every body; though won, in spite of me, by a nameless charm of speech, or look, or manner, I used to watch him secretly with a kind of wonder at his helplessness, and a secret admiration of his handsome face.

One day he caught one of these looks, and laughed, coloring though. I colored too, and left his vicinity at once.

I tried to be more careful after that, but the same curious fascination drew my eyes toward him when I thought they could with any safety venture that way.

The long hours of convalescence must have dragged heavily to him, but his face never lost its serenity; I could but notice what a contrast he was to me in my sullen discontent.

Gradually he won me somewhat out of my pride and reserve, and I talked with him. Sometimes I read to him; and then as he got able to go out in the garden and yard, his mother being busy with indoor duties, I went with him.

Mrs. Lawrence seemed at first pleased we were both amused; and I dare say it was a relief to her to see any softer expression take the place of the gloom and discontent that had so long answered in my face to all her efforts after my comfort and happiness.

Robert Lawrence did for me what no one else ever had done—he found my heart, and in some manner peculiar to himself made it for the first time conscious of its own ingratitude. We were very happy together for a while—happy as two children, and as innocent in our pleasure in each other. He knew as well as I that I was the promised wife of Philip Warburton.

In my present strangely-descended happiness I rarely thought of my fetters now, and he—I think he never thought of them unpleasantly either.

But gradually I noticed a strange discomposure in Mrs. Lawrence's manner when I was with Robert. She was a nervous, excitable woman, with a fancy for small, transparent scheming that any body could see through; but I was long in understanding what her strange uneasiness about Robert and myself meant.

I think he understood first, long first; for he began, or I fancied it, to somehow avoid me a little. In some inexplicable way our walks and chats, our readings, were strangely broken in upon.

In my impatience and wonder I finally asked him what it meant.

We were sitting, for the first time in many days, alone in the summer-house in the lower part of the garden. He gave me a strange look when I asked him that—a strange, steadfast look, before which my eyelids drooped, and I felt the startled blood glow in my cheek, and something that was sweet to pain stirred in my heart, and thrilled every pulse of my being.

He had not spoken, he had not answered my question; he did not need. But presently he said, in a low voice,

"Shall we go up to the house, Frances?"

I scarcely understood him, but when he rose I rose also, and we went slowly up to the house, my eyes downcast, and his—sometimes—*sometimes* upon my face.

He went in, or I supposed he did. I remained outside, reluctant to enter, lest something should jar upon the fond sweetness of the thoughts that were moving me, and which were so new, so tender, that I shrank involuntarily from meeting Mrs. Lawrence's uneasy eyes.

She had seen us, however, come in from the garden, and she came out instantly, and stood beside me. Preoccupied as I was, I could but see that she was agitated—very much so.

Presently she put her arm round me and drew me to her.

"My dear child," she said, abruptly, "Robert likes you very much, don't he?"

"Yes, I think he does," I said, my heart sinking indefinably, as it always did when she spoke of him in that tone of vague anxiety.

"And you like him?"

"Yes, I like him."

"Very much?"

"Very much."

She strained me closer and kissed me. "Don't dear, don't like him so much, I don't want you to; don't, don't dear," and taking her arms from round me, she wrung her hands together in a strange, excited fashion.

"Why not? why may I not like him? What do you mean?" I asked, cold chills creeping over me.

"There, don't be angry, don't be vexed with me, I don't want to vex any body, but I don't want you to like Robert too much."

"Why not?"

She sighed, long and heavily, "He might die, you know."

I felt like choking; I clung to the pillar by me. I understood her in part—Robert must die to me. She meant that, no matter why; he was not for me; *nothing* was for me.

"Don't, don't look so," Mrs. Lawrence said, anxiously, putting out her hand and holding my dress.

I pulled away from her, nervously.

"Don't talk to me," I said, "I'm not angry; you are right, quite right; I don't blame you, but don't talk to me."

She turned partly away from me, in a vague, uncertain way, "I mean right, I mean right," she said, piteously.

"Yes, yes, I know," I said; "go in, please, let me be alone; you are quite right, but I want to be alone."

"You won't tell Robert I have said any thing, will you?" and she was clinging to my dress again.

With a sudden impetuous movement I tore it from her hand, and ran down the walk into the garden. I did not stop or look behind me till I reached the summer-house, and darting within threw myself upon my knees before the seat upon which I had sat in such strange happiness with Robert only a little before. How happy we had been! How kind he had always been to me, shrinking away from me of late, but *he loved me, and I loved him!*

I knew it then. I stood face to face with the fact—the holy, tender, *cruel* fact—for what was I that I should dare to love him or suffer him to love me, what but the promised wife of another man? A man whom I hated, but whose promised wife I was all the same.

"Frances!"

I shivered from head to foot, but bent my face lower.

"Frances!"

It was Robert. He sat down upon the seat and put his hand upon my bowed head, not speaking for some moments, but I could feel his hand tremble.

"Won't you talk to me, Frances?" he said, finally. "I want to talk to you."

I did not move, I did not answer him, I could not. It seemed to me I *could not* lift my face to him, the shamed face that would tell him so much, only to tell him in vain, for I was the promised wife of a man whose fetters his very charity to me (and I set my teeth as I thought of it) had bound in such a manner that I could not loose them without utter degradation.

"Frances," he said again, and his voice smote me with its pain, "you *must* talk to me, or at least hear me, since it has come to this—since I know—yes I do—that you love me. You start—I feel you thrill under my hand—but you do not, you can not deny it. It is true, then?"

He paused, and I could hear him breathe, the panting breath of strong excitement.

"If you had not, if my own pain had been all, I would have gone away and never spoken. But now I must. There is no law in heaven or earth that ought to make you the wife of any other man than me. I tell you plainly, Frances, that I will not submit to any such law; I will not suffer you to do so. Promise me that you will not suffer yourself."

I did not answer him—I could not. Scornfully as I had promised myself to Philip Warburton, I had done so solemnly, and with the full intention of abiding by my promise. I had *never* thought of swerving from it. Even when I had contemplated running away from what I called his charity, I had not thought of recalling my promise to marry him. I had considered myself indeed as much bound to him as though the marriage vows had been spoken, and God knows how innocently I had come to give another the love that belonged of right to him alone.

I trembled then, kneeling under the pressure of Robert's hand. I trembled at the thought of telling him all this. I felt that the mood in which he was would burst stormily upon me if I told him that.

"Frances, child, how you have frightened me!" It was Mrs. Lawrence, with a quiver of anxiety in her tone—anxiety beyond what her words expressed. She stepped quickly toward, and took hold of me. I had risen instantly at sound of her voice. Robert's hand had fallen from my head to my hand. He held my fingers in a firm, close clasp, not yielding me even to his mother.

"Let her go in, Robert. She is ill, I am sure," Mrs. Lawrence said.

"I do not hinder her, mother. She can go if she chooses."

But he did not loose my hand.

"You will come in with me, won't you?" Mrs. Lawrence said, beseechingly. "Come in, Frances."

"Will you go or stay?" Robert said, bending to look at me, and his hand clasped mine almost fiercely.

I made a faint effort to release my hand. I could not speak. He resisted the movement an instant, then his clasp fell heavily away from mine, and scarce knowing what I did, I suffered his mother to lead me away toward the house.

She took me to her own room, seated me, and closed the door.

"Do you want to know," she said, speaking rapidly and excitedly, "why you can not, why you must not love Robert?"

I looked at her like one in a dream without answering. I was so full of other thoughts, so haunted by those tones, those looks of Robert's stern yet loving eyes.

"This is why," she went on: "long ago Philip Warburton loved *me—me*—do you hear? and more truly, I believe in my soul, than he does you now. I wronged him, as woman can most wrong man, and he never forgave me till the day he brought you to me. Then he said that if I kept you safe for him—if I taught you to love him, he could forgive me the wound that twenty-two years had not yet healed. Do you think then that I will ever suffer son of mine to defraud him of his second love as I did of his first? Ah, woe is me! Why did Robert come home?"

I understood her; but it had not needed that.

"Be at peace, Mrs. Lawrence," I said, in a low voice; "I have promised to marry Mr. Warburton."

"Do you expect to keep that promise?" she asked, in a milder tone.

"I do."

"May I tell Robert so?"

I hesitated. But what matter? Why should I shrink? I had brought this fate upon myself. I saw no way of escape from it. Why should she not tell Robert?

"Tell him any thing you like, Mrs. Lawrence," I said, almost passionately. The old, vehement rebelliousness against pain was rising within me.

"May I tell him that you did not wish him to address you again on this subject? May I tell him from you that it would be quite useless to do so?"

"Tell him what you like," I said, impatiently. "Why do you torture me with it?"

She was a strange woman. Whether to kill any ever so faint hope that I might have, or to try me, no matter why; but she said, looking steadily at me, and smoothing the folds of her silk dress with her white hand,

"You remember that beautiful girl who was here last week—Rose Gilbert? Robert liked her once. I think, when he finds he can not hope for you, he will like her still. She adores him any one can see. I shall advise him to marry Rose Gilbert if she will have him, and the sooner the better!"

She went away and left me.

Did she think he would marry Rose Gilbert because she advised him to do so?

I went from Mrs. Lawrence's room to my own. I did not go out to tea that night, and Mrs. Lawrence brought it to me with her own fair hands, saying, as she set it down,

"I have told him, my dear, what you said, and he bore it very well. Indeed I begin to think my alarm on his account was needless. He was quite merry at tea—quite, indeed—so much so that I ventured to speak about Rose. He *has* always liked and admired her, I find; and after that, you know, the rest is easy. It'll all come out right yet. Don't you think so? You and he were having a very comfortable little flirtation; but it was really time to put a stop to it, as I told him."

"And what did he say to that?" I demanded, suddenly interrupting her volubility.

"He laughed, and said, 'Yes, mother.'" And she went away.

Sitting there, in the twilighted room, I repeated slowly and faithfully to myself all that Robert had ever said to me. I put looks, which might mean any thing, out of the question. I found it was not much. Bereft of the manner which had, I imagined, so emphasized it, and said far more than the words had, I found it was not much.

With my usual haste I concluded that what his mother said was true. On his part, all these summer hours in which he had taught me to love him he had only been amusing himself with me—flirting, in short. I *was* a sensible girl to spend any regrets on him.

I said that to myself; but my cheeks glowed, and my heart throbbed impatiently.

"I threw back the blind of my window, finally, and went out of doors. I thought if I could once see Robert's face, once meet his eyes, I should know. Why did I want to know? What right had I to want to know? None. But still I was resolved that I would know. I lingered about outside till it was quite dark, but I saw nothing of Robert, and finally I went in without seeing him.

I met him at breakfast the following morning; but his face told me nothing. His eye met mine calmly, naturally, neither seeking nor avoiding me.

My heart, which owed its every throb to Philip Warburton, sank heavily. If I could only speak with him, I thought, and I lingered about all the forenoon feverishly watching an opportunity, and reproaching myself—for what? I knew not. Surely what I had said to Mrs. Lawrence was true. I had meant it at the time? Yes, alas! and I dared not do other than mean it now.

Mrs. Lawrence had told me that Robert had replied favorably to her proposal that he should marry Rose. I did not believe her, but I was heavy of heart, and looking all the forenoon, and with an anxiety that I did not conceal from myself, for a glimpse of Robert.

Mrs. Lawrence watched me with evident uneasiness, bustling about very energetically for her, and making for herself always some business in my vicinity. Inoffensive as she looked, I knew that if Robert had come near me she would have prevented, in her quiet way, all speech between us. And why should we have speech of each other? Alas! I know not; but I longed for it nevertheless. I made errands every where to escape the vicinity of Mrs. Lawrence. But whether I went into the garden, or to the orchard, or to the currant-bushes, Mrs. Lawrence made it convenient to accompany me.

Half an hour before dinner-time some more than usually urgent call took Mrs. Lawrence from my side a few moments, and looking up I saw Robert slowly passing down the walk near me. Now was my time! but I seemed suddenly stricken dumb. I stood still, waiting for him to speak, which I knew very well he would not do after the word I had sent him the night before. I knew it, and yet I took no step toward him. In another moment he had passed me, and I was, in my keen, self-reproach, about to go after him, when Mrs. Lawrence joined me again, talking volubly, and casting apprehensive glances from me to Robert.

At last it was dinner-time; and now I thought I should certainly be able to get an opportunity of speaking to Robert. But he was not at dinner, and a little before the conclusion of the meal Mrs. Lawrence remarked, carelessly, that she thought "Robert would have a pleasant ride after all," glancing at the sky, which, cloudy all the morning, was clearing now.

I felt that she watched me furtively as she said it, and in vague uneasiness I asked suddenly, "Where has Robert gone?"

"Oh, only to Boone!"

Rose lived at Boone. I could almost see myself the darkness that swept over my face at this announcement.

Mrs. Lawrence was relentless. "My dear," she said, as she was leaving the table, "Lawrence has gone to ask Rose to marry him; at least I infer so from what he said."

I could not, I would not believe her. She was silent enough after that. She had said her "say," and perhaps thought she could afford me the kindness now of silence.

That was a long afternoon to me. The undisciplined nature that was still mine, despite all the tutoring of adversity, rose up now and grappled me fiercely. I set myself tasks, and then, in vengeful willfulness, refused to do them; smote them aside with angry and scornful vehemence, and walked my room bitterly and impotently rebellious against the fate that chained me *still*—a log—while the man I loved was wrecking his own peace and mine.

Mine! My peace was nothing—less than that; but *his*—I knew what misery it would be to his eagle spirit to find itself irretrievably tied to the mere doll Rose Gilbert was!

I wore the afternoon away as best I might, and I went out to tea, swallowing two cups of Mrs. Lawrence's bitterest tea with a queer kind of pleasure in its bitterness. Then I went into the garden, deaf to Mrs. Lawrence's call after me that the evening was damp, and I'd better take a shawl with me.

I went energetically away, stamping my feet up and down the walks, and watching with devouring eyes the various avenues to the house. The night *was* damp; and though I was scarcely conscious of it, its coolness stilled my bodily fever, and lowered the irate tone of my spirits to their stillest despondency. I stood among the rose-bushes by the gate, and watched and waited. I knew I was waiting with a sick heart for Robert to come. I dare say I shivered more than once, but I was scarcely conscious of it.

I saw, as it grew late, Mrs. Lawrence come out and look—I doubted not for me. She went in, and after half an hour came out again—this time down the walk toward me. I shrunk farther and farther back in the shadow, and finally down the walk by the fence. The sound of horse's hoofs suddenly quickened my steps.

Robert had come at last, and was taking his way round by the stables.

"Now I *will* see him!" I said to myself, desperately, and hid myself among the bushes.

Mrs. Lawrence passed me while I crouched there. Would she go on and meet Robert, and not leave him a moment alone? Should I never be able to speak to him again? This night I must and would!

Straining my eyes I fancied I saw Mrs. Lawrence returning by another route toward the house, and presently distinguished Robert's slow, firm step about to pass me.

I had nerved myself, I stepped out from my concealment, I was about to speak, when a form flitted past me—Mrs. Lawrence—and, fastening upon his arm, went chatting up the walk. I shrunk back, conquered—baffled, by a will weaker far than mine in all the ordinary happening of life.

An instant before I had been chill as death; now all my veins tingled like fire, and I stood restraining myself, only by a strong effort, from following them.

A moment—many perhaps—I stood so, then, suddenly yielding all command of myself, I sped frantically up the walk after them.

A strong arm arrested me midway. Robert had come back after me. He had seen me when he passed me, and had come back after me, and alone.

He exclaimed as he touched me,

"You are wet, Frances! Out without a shawl this damp night—how could you do so?"

"Robert," I cried, clinging to him and sobbing, "don't marry Rose!"

He put an arm quickly round me, stooped, and kissed my cheek for the first time in his life. But he said *naught*.

My very heart seemed turned to ice, and my limbs dragged like lead. I understood him—it was too late.

He took me in and passed me over to his mother, with a warning that I would be ill if I were not attended to.

II.

No matter what became of that night, but I know. I know that I thought dawn would never come. But it did, and it brought a strange mysterious bustle with it.

Mrs. Lawrence came into my room early, but I was already up. She looked surprised, but kissed me smilingly; and miserable as I was I noticed, with a kind of bitterness, what an unusual radiance her still, beautiful eyes wore, and what a pink flush her cheeks had got.

Robert was not at breakfast, but he came in in the course of the morning. All the forenoon I wandered aimlessly about. I had plenty of opportunities to speak to Robert, but I did not care about it now. It was too late.

I watched drearily, and without interest enough to wonder what it was about—the bustle of preparation that was going on before me.

Toward noon Mrs. Lawrence came to me, and with a curious smile, which she in vain endeavored to hide, told me that Mr. Warburton was coming down—she expected him every moment.

She sent me away then to dress for his coming. Dress! I put on a fresh muslin and touched my hair with a brush, and sat down in my room to try to bring my distracted thoughts into something of that discipline in which they ought to be to meet Philip Warburton.

I had never thought of asking him to release me from my promise, or, if I had, only to dismiss it. He would not be likely to do that, and I had promised deliberately enough.

It was not long before Mrs. Lawrence came for me. Mr. Warburton had come, and was asking for me.

I rose desperately and went to the parlor.

He met me at the door, and, with an air of grave courtesy, led me in. We were alone. He did not kiss me. I had feared that he would. He had never kissed me but twice—once on my cheek when I said I would [illegible] his wife, and again, a touch of his lips on my forehead, when he left me with Mrs. Lawrence.

He seated me, and taking a chair himself, sat regarding me with an expression that, though I did not look at him, I knew was stern. In a moment I suspected that he knew all—that Mrs. Lawrence had written him of my strange infatuation for a man who cared so little for me that he had already promised himself to another.

Philip Warburton spoke presently—he spoke as I had expected, sternly.

"I left you here," he said, "under what I supposed were congenial influences, and told you to learn to love me. Have you learned it?"

With a sort of desperate courage I said, while my face whitened, "I promised to be your wife, Mr. Warburton. I have no design to recede from my promise."

"No, certainly—right; but have you learned to love me?"

"No."

I had no power or care to soften the monosyllable: I did not even look at him as I uttered it.

"Ah! very plain spoken indeed—very. I like you for your honesty, my dear. But a promise is a promise, and you intend to stand by yours, eh?"

"Certainly, Sir." Was it my voice that said that? I wondered.

"I don't, then." Was it Philip Warburton that said *that?* For the first time I looked at him.

Not a muscle of his face moved. He bore my scrutiny silently a moment, and then repeated,

"I *don't* wish to stand by my promise. Miss Frances Thorn, will you release me from my promise to be your husband?"

"Certainly, Sir," I said, coldly. I thought he was only angry with me, and said that to punish me. He rose at once.

"You won't shake hands with me now, my dear, but you will presently." And he left the room.

I sat absently looking at my fingers, and wondering what it meant, when a step came behind me, two hands were laid upon my shoulders, and I looked up to meet the deeply-loving eyes of Robert Lawrence, to hear him say, in tones that trembled with emotion,

"Will you take me in his place, Frances?"

He saw that I would, he knew that I would, when I could comprehend that it was possible; and he said:

"My darling, I said I would never give you up. No man has any right to give up the woman he loves. I said that there was no law, human or divine, that ought to take you from me; and when you thought I went to Boone I went instead to see Philip Warburton. He is a good man, Frances, a noble gentleman. I will bless his name as long as I live. I told him every thing. I talked very rashly and excitedly. I said some things that it would have been better not to have said. But he was patient with me, and not only forgave my hasty words, but said that, God helping him, he would never take for a wife a woman who loved another. He gave me his free consent to win you if I could. Can I—my darling, will you be my wife?"

"Will I? Oh, Robert!" I said, holding my hands to him and crying. He kissed me then. He had never touched lips to hand or cheek before.

"Robert," I said, after a little, "why didn't you tell me last night? What made you let me think that about you and Rose?"

"I didn't tell you, because I had promised Mr. Warburton I would not till to-day. And as to Rose"—he colored a little—"I hoped you would be as jealous of her as I was of Philip Warburton. Were you?"

"Yes, I believe I was."

Robert led me out after a little to Mr. Warburton. I could not speak for tears; but I gave him my hand, and he held it a moment kindly, understanding all I would have said better than though I had spoken it. Perhaps, too, he read in my face something of my questioning anxiety concerning him; for he smiled a little sadly, saying:

"It is better so, my child. I did not love you as a man should the woman he marries. But I was a lonely old bachelor, and I thought if you could love me, if I could make you happy, I should get some of the reward in my own heart. God bless you, Frances. I don't blame you, child. Never have a regret on my account!"

His voice was sad. Involuntarily, as it were, he glanced toward Mrs. Lawrence. There were tears in her eyes. She looked at him imploringly.

"Acquit me of blame also, oh, Philip!" she plead. "I tried indeed. Forgive me that I so failed in the trust you imposed upon me."

I saw sudden emotion flush over Philip Warburton's face, and taking a step toward her, he said:

"I forgive you on one condition, Emma. My heart is unchanged in all these years—"

I drew Robert away. I saw how it was going to end.

They are married now. I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. Warburton for a little. Robert—my Robert—has gone back to the army. In a few months he is coming home, and we are to be married.

God will keep him. I believe that, if I ask Him, and I do constantly, God will keep him for me till then. I am changed some from the passionate, undisciplined girl, ungrateful for my benefits. This slow pain, yet sweetness, of waiting and praying for the life that mine is folded in has made me very humble. I am patient. Yet, Father, in Thy mercy bring my Robert safely back to me! I believe He will.

IN THE VAN.

On, as he lived he died,
His life burned not to ashes, white with doubt;
But flaring up with Battle's breath went out,
His young blood pulsing years in a wild rout,
Then halting at high tide.

In the loud trumpet-blast—
In the grand rush of lifted banners met,
With his cheeks flushing and his sabre wet,
His young eyes flashing and his young lips set,
So his rich spirit passed.

Just when the fight was won—
When the clouds broke from off the hard-won height,
And the pierced flag leaped out upon our sight,
In Victory upspringing from the fight
His brave young soul went on.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Gardening for ladies" is all very well, but the dears are more inclined to agriculture than horticulture, on account of a partiality for husbandry.

A rascally old bachelor says the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

A stupid tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some night-caps that lay on the grass to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call an attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey."

"Ma," said a little boy, "why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner." "Susan, put that boy to bed."

The Bar Sinister.—The toll-bar.

Conjugal Thermometer.—The *Nain Jaune* (Paris) relates the following anecdote: "At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one, M. de X., is a bachelor; the other, M. de Y., just married. 'Well,' said the one to the other, 'how do you get along in your new condition?' 'Ah, my dear X., there is nothing like being married! You can not imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming!' 'Now I understand,' was the happy retort of X., 'why your sentences are so short.' This conversation quickly spread through Paris. From that time forth the articles of Y. were consulted by the public as the thermometer of his conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. Y. was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y. But gradually the periods elongated, and at last Madame Y. opened the journal edited by M. Y., and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried, 'What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow!'"

In the course of an examination for the degree of B. A. under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "Give a definition of happiness;" to which a candidate returned the following laconic answer: "An exemption from Payne."

"I think I now see a new fee-ture in this case," as the lawyer said, when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things." "Dearie me, you don't say so!" quoth the lady; "what a fact you must be!"

Two persons of satiric turn met a neighbor and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle. "Truth," said he, "I believe I am between both."

A few years ago, when Billy Burton was in his "trouble," a young lawyer was examining him as to how he had spent his money. There was about three thousand pounds unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, "Now, Sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those three thousand pounds." Burton put on one of his serio-comic faces, winked at the audience, and exclaimed, "*The lawyers got that!*" The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter. The counselor was glad to let the comedian go.

Talk as you will of the "sovereignty of the white race," there are no sovereigns like the *yellow* ones.

An Odd Mistake.—A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sins of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

Dr. Macknight, who was a better commentator than preacher, having been caught in a shower of rain, entered the vestry soaked with wet. As the time drew on for divine service he became much distressed, and ejaculated over and over, "Oh, I wish that I was dry! Do you think I'm dry? Do you think I'm dry eneuch noo?" To this his jocose colleague, Dr. Henry, the historian, returned: "Bide a wee, doctor, and ye'se be dry eneuch when you get into the pu'pit."

What is a Thingumbob?—Well, a watch-ye-may-call-it.

The Proper Side to Vote for.—The sea-side.

Why are Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli like two gentlemen engaged in joint literary work?—Because they are trying to make a Pam-flit!

Why are widows like smokers?—Because they often find solace in their *weeds*.

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by Jove! but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thee hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

The folly of betting is well satirized in one of Walpole's letters: "Sept. 1st, 1750—They have put in the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

A farmer, having lost some ducks, was asked by the counsel for the prisoner accused of stealing them to describe their peculiarity. After he had done so, the counsel remarked, "They can't be such a rare breed, as I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the same sort I've had stolen lately."

A regular physician being sent for by a quack, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling, neither," replied the quack; "for, to tell you the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own pills."

If you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you can not tell what a difficult task I find it."

A very considerate hotel-keeper, advertising his "Burton XXXX," concludes the advertisement—"N.B. Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting, carefully sent home gratis in a wheel-barrow, if required."

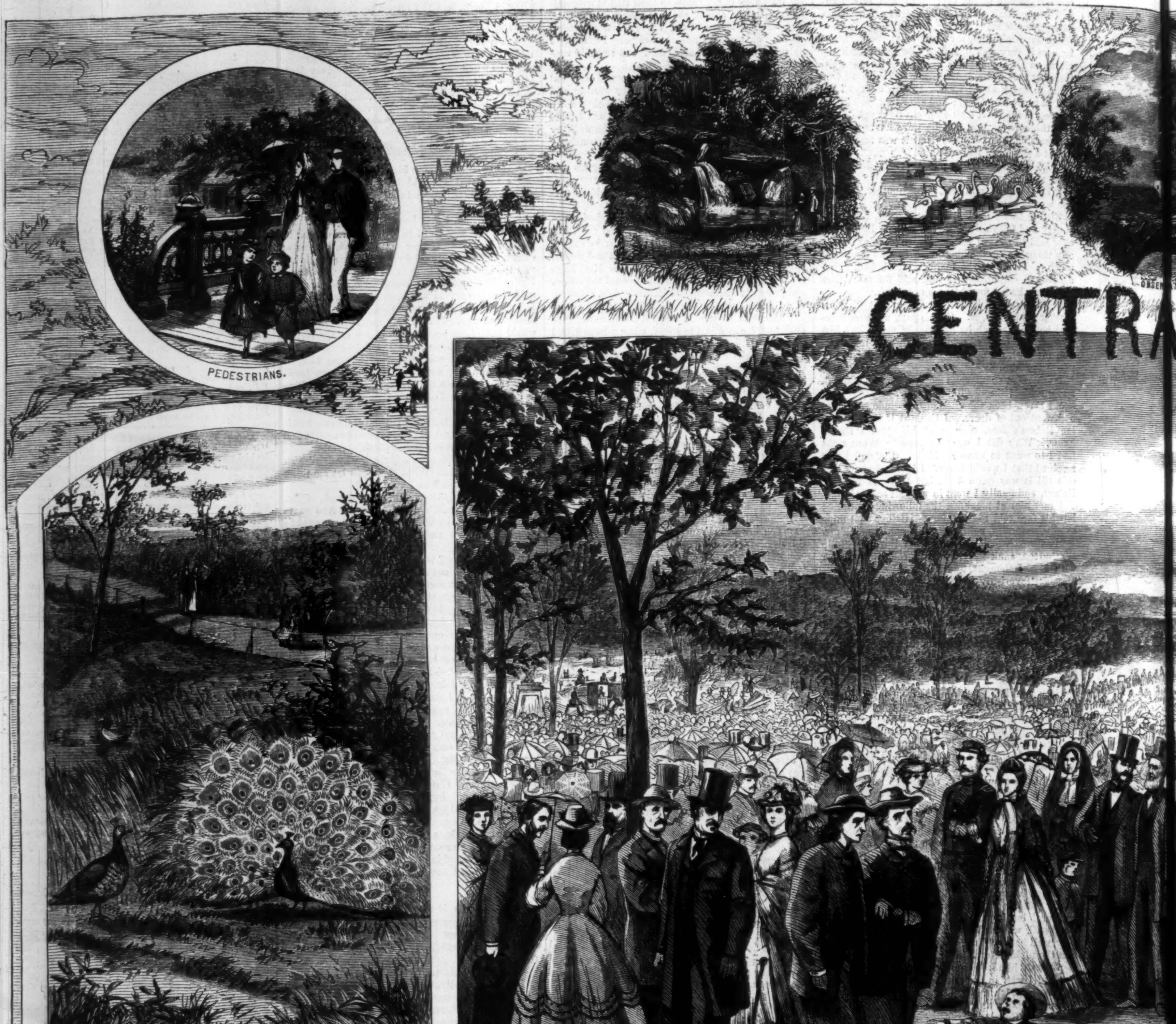
Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" said he.

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. A very sentimental poet present vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto: 'When this you see, remember me.'"

Mr. Phillip Thicknesse, father of the late Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "[illegible] and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked, "Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting' this morning." "'Deed, Sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes; "'deed, Sir, I was just ga'in' to observe I thocht there was a smell o' speerits amang us this mornin'!"

Mr. Query wonders if, when Night falls, she doesn't hurt herself? The desire of Mr. Query for "useful knowledge" and things is only equaled by his humanity.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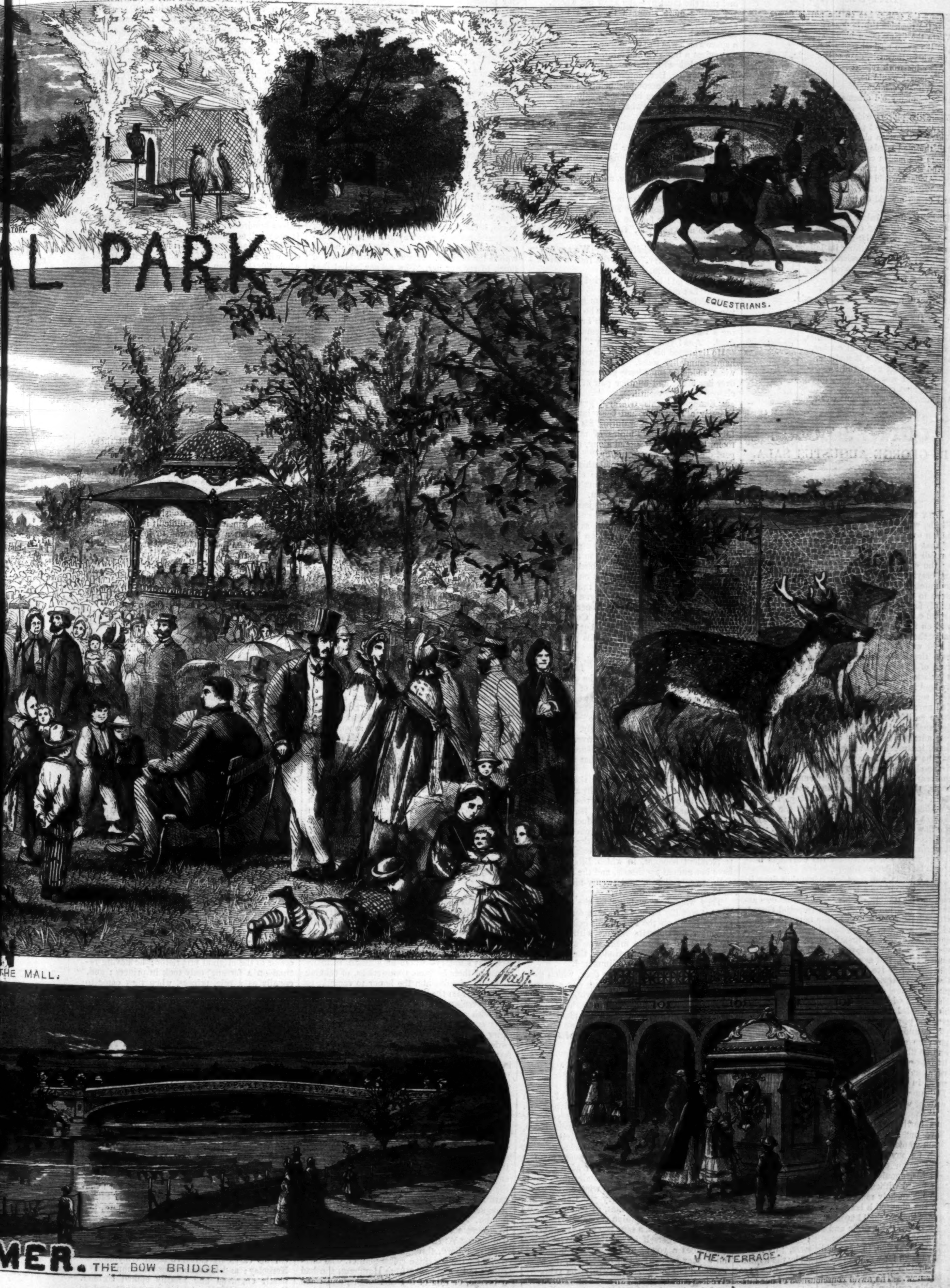

TORY
AL PARK
EQUESTRIANS.
THE MALL.
Th. Nast.
THE TERRACE.
MER.
THE BOW BRIDGE.

DAY-DREAMS.

Where the orange bee on the purple flower
Of the roadside thistle dozes;
Where the flying down blows, filmy white,
And the azure air-bell poises light;
And where the mole, deep out of sight,
After his work reposes—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plovers whirl, and circle, and scream,
Over the loneliest places;
Where the eastern clouds roll heavy and slow,
And the glad winds race, and flutter, and blow;
Where the golden corn is all of a glow,
And so are the reapers' faces—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the fir, so balmy and evergreen,
Raises its dripping cones,
And the squirrel, sailor-like, climbs the tree;
And the wind is breathing its lullaby,
Fond, and soft, and ceaselessly,
The songs of distant zones—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the sunshine comes in level lines
Across the velvet mosses,
And stealing in and out in patches,
In sunny fits and playful catches,
As a bough or trunk it snatches,
With varying gains and losses—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLII.

LILY IS SEIZED.

Lily was in haste now to leave those Elysian Fields, which had exercised so strange a fascination over her. She was haunted by the eyes of that painted woman. She wandered about for full an hour she knew not whither; dazed by the colored lamps, the crowds, the shouts, the braying of bands; the hoarse rhetoric of the mountebanks, the roaring of the cannon, which were to usher in the fire-works. She sought vainly for an outlet from the saturnalia; but the crowd compassed her about and hemmed her in, and on its remotest borders there seemed to be more shows and more crowds.

She was almost in despair when, thinking to gain the Place de la Concorde, and in view even of the great obelisk, which from base to apex was one blaze of light, she found herself wedged in a mass of sight-seers who were gathered round the carriage of a quack doctor. Lily had never seen the Elisir d'Amore, but there, as large as life, was Doctor Dulcamara. He had deviated a little from the costume on which the late admirable Lablache conferred well-merited fame, inasmuch as over his well-powdered periwig he wore a Roman helmet of brass, with a tremendous plume of crimson horse-hair; but the scarlet coat, the frills, the ruffles, the top-boots, the buckskin, the watch and pendulous seals, the snuff-box, the signet-ring, and the gold-headed cane, all belonged to the opera. He was an impudent vagabond at best; but had the flow of flashy verbiage common to his tribe, and scores of hands were speedily extended from the crowd beneath him, holding francs and half francs to be exchanged for the worthless nostrums he extolled so highly.

His calèche, and the white horse that drew it, to boot, were quite a bower of Chinese lanterns; and in the rumble sat his servant, who was attired as a drum-major in the Imperial Guard, whose business it was to be the butt of his master's jokes, and grind the barrel-organ when Dulcamara was out of breath. The under quack was a fellow of cadaverous traits and discontented mien, and appeared heartily ashamed of his position. He had reason to be. He was the real doctor. His diploma and license to practice were duly certified by the Faculty of Paris, and without them Dulcamara would have been hauled to prison as a swindler: but the genuine physician being poor and idle, and dissolute and drunken, the quack was content to pay him so much a year to use his diploma; and he filled up his leisure time by grinding the barrel-organ. "On demande un médecin pour voyager." Have you never seen that advertisement in *Les Petites Affiches?* It means that Dulcamara the quack is in want of an organ-grinder with a diploma.

"Approach, my children," the mountebank was bawling. "Approach, lose no time. I have but a few moments to bestow upon you. I am wanted elsewhere. Kings and princesses sigh for my presence. Spanish hidalgos, who have eaten too much olla podrida—English milords, agonized by the spleen—refuse to be comforted without me. Grand Biribi—(this to the melancholy man with the diploma)—strike up the chanson à boire from Robert le Diable. After that we shall have something to say about the Imperial Soporific and Atomic Tincture of Honolulu."

An hour ago, in her recklessness, Lily might have been for a moment detained by the loquacity of this bombastic humbug. But it was too late now. The awful consciousness of her miserable position had come upon her; and some inward voice kept thundering in her ears that she was in danger—from she knew not what; and that she must fly—she knew not where.

Exerting more strength than she had imagined she possessed, she contrived at last to disengage herself from the throng, and to reach a space which was less encumbered. She leaned up against a tree sick and faint. Her poor eyes were blinded with tears. Her strength had broken down. Her enterprise seemed to her now impossible of accomplishment. That dreadful fever was racking her head again. Heaven be merciful to her—what had she done, and what was she to do?

"Pretty little demoiselle, you seem ill," a voice behind her said.

She had heard the voice before. It was that of the man who had declared that all weapons and umbrellas must be left at the door. She turned her head, trembling, and saw the Italian wax-work showman.

"Aha! you recognize me, then?" continued Signor Ventimillioni. "Do you know that I have been looking for you this half-hour?"

"I do not know you," faltered Lily. "Good-night!"

"Not so fast, picciolina mia. We are not to part in such a hurry." And the Italian laid his hand on Lily's arm.

"Let me go! let me go!" cried the terrified girl. "Let me go home."

"Precisely, that is where I am going to take you. There is a lady at home who is expecting you most anxiously. You have kept her waiting a very long time. Whole years. Home indeed. Aha! you little runaway!"

He tightened his grasp. He passed the other hand round her waist. Lily tried to scream, when, suddenly some loose garment was thrown over her head, and another pair of hands were clasped over her mouth.

"Enough of this trifling," grumbled very hoarsely a man who had been lurking a few paces behind the Italian during his parley with Lily. "Come, my Phidias of the painting-room, bring the young toad along, or some sergent de ville will be passing by."

"Don't smother her, Demosthène," remonstrated the Italian. "Take the cloak off her head, and your hands off her mouth, and let us try to make her listen to reason. Des convenances, mon garçon; n'oublions jamais les convenances."

The second man did, sulkily, as he was bid, but he planted his great hands on Lily's shoulders, and kept them there. The girl was too terrified to speak, but palpitated in the grasp of the two ruffians like a captured bird.

"Listen to me, ma mie," went on the Italian, putting his face so close to Lily that she could feel his beard upon her cheek; "you are coming home with us. You are our prisoner, if you like that tournure de phrase better. Come quietly, and no harm will be done you; but dare to call for assistance, and I will put this pretty little bodkin into you."

He drew, as quick as lightning, a long knife that glittered in the lamplight. Lily saw that she was lost. She could hear the distant hum of the crowd, and the clanging of the music; but the spot was solitary, and she was beyond all human help.

"Will you be quiet, then?" the Italian asked, half caressingly, half threateningly.

Lily murmured a faint affirmative.

"That's right. Now, Demosthène, let us take her between us. Don't forget that little bright bodkin of mine, little one."

The two strong men hooked their arms in those of the girl, and led her rapidly away. They plunged into an alley between the trees, and which seemed entirely deserted. But as though in mockery at her utter wretchedness and state of bondage, she saw gleaming from behind the tufted trees the first sparkle of the fire-works, those fire-works which were to culminate in a resplendent bouquet, in which Liberty was to have her annual apotheosis, and the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth of July to be made glorious forever.

They were now walking by the water-side. That it was the Seine Lily knew, for she could see the lamps on the Pont Louis Seize, and the Chamber of Deputies flaring with lampions. They stopped before a mean wooden building, having seemingly but one window, through whose dirty panes a light feebly glimmered.

The Italian pushed at the door, which gave way, and they passed in. There was a narrow passage, and by the light of a swinging cresset Lily could see a woman who was rushing toward her—a woman huddled in an old plaid shawl, whose hair was disheveled, and whose face was painted. It was the Wild Woman of the Elysian Fields.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SULTAN IN LONDON.

What is a year? Pshaw! what are ten? When you are young, a year seems a very long time. That last month before you are twenty-one, or before you leave school, or get your commission, or pass your examination for the civil service, the month it takes for your mustaches to grow, how it lags, how it loiters, how every moment seems to have its feet clogged by leaden weights! Do our best as we may to squander the days in recklessness and prodigality, what a weary time elapses before we are thirty years of age, and fogies cease to tell us that, as young men, we should defer to the opinion of our elders. Never was there, perhaps, a sane woman of twenty-nine who passed herself off as thirty-one; but how often does a young middle-aged man slily add on a year or two? But hey! when the mezzo cammen is reached, how swiftly the years fly! We lose count. Sixty-two melts into sixty-three, and that into sixty-four, without our special notice. Things pass as in a dream. The day before yesterday, why it was eighteen months ago. Our newly-formed acquaintance, why we have known him these eight years. The far-off goal of gray hairs, and toothlessness, and the tomb, why we are close upon it. It was a tedious pull to Tattenham Corner; it is a lightning rush to the judge's stand, even if we come in with the ruck.

A year had passed since the events previously narrated. Madame de Kergolay was dead. She passed away very peacefully, leaving the bulk of that which she possessed to her beloved grand-nephew, Edgar Greyfaunt. It was not much, but it was a capital to be turned into ready money, and that was all the young man wanted. It is due to the memory of the good old lady in Paris to state that she freely forgave poor little Lily before her death. Her ire, indeed, against the girl had lasted but a very short time. She had been shocked and pained by her disappearance, and had made every effort to gain tidings of her, but in vain. By degrees the vengeful pride which had led her to crush Lily with cruel words, because she had dared to love the sultan, her grand-nephew, gave way to her natural kindness and softness of heart. She wept and bewailed the fugitive. She would have sacrificed much to recover her. She acknowledged that Lily's love had been blameless. But she was gone, and would return no more.

The abbé, as in duty bound, informed Mademoiselle Marcassin of Lily's flight, and of the unavailing steps that had been taken to discover her hiding-place.

The Marcassin did not take the intelligence much to heart.

"I expected it," she remarked, coldly. "I, who am the greatest sufferer by the absconding of this vaurienne, would not spend three francs ten sous in an advertisement in the *Petites Affiches* to get her back. There are cats and cockatoos whom one is glad to lose, Monsieur l'Abbé. You and your Madame de Kergolay were entichés de cette petite friponne. Now she has robbed you as she robbed me, and has doubtless fled to join the swindler, her mother, with whom for years she has probably been in secret correspondence. Ah, ces Anglaises, ces Anglaises! c'est de la perfidie à en croire à la fin du monde. You had much better, instead of petting and spoiling her, have put her into a Maison de Discipline, where she would have been fed on bread and water and whipped twice a week. The Sœurs Grises have an excellent institution at Auteuil. You say that she did not take her clothes with her. Has your noble duenna counted her spoons since the flight of her darling?"

"I don't think the poor little child is dishonest," the abbé urged, in mild deprecation. He was a good man after all, and much troubled in his mind about Lily.

"Bah!" sneered the inflexible Marcassin. "You take the whole world to be inhabited by candidates for the Prize of Virtue. Une fameuse Rosière elle ferait celle-là! The trumpery little thing was innately and incorrigibly bad. Mauvaise herbe, I tell you, Monsieur l'Abbé, mauvaise herbe."

And Madame de Kergolay died. To her two faithful servants she left a small but adequate provision, much to the distaste of Edgar; but of the rest he was sole legatee. Vieux Sablons and Prudence faded away almost as quietly as their mistress from the stage. The old man did not survive madame many months. He expressed, before he died, his wish to be buried in Père la Chaise, in the same grave with his beloved mistress, but crosswise, at her feet, as became an ancient and faithful but humble servitor. The abbé did his best to have his wish fulfilled; but there were difficulties in the way: the administration was not propitious, and Vieux Sablons had to be buried as many millions of his forerunners had been buried before him. It did not so much matter perhaps. He was bound, let us hope, to a country where there is but One Master, in whose eyes superiors and servitors are alike.

Edgar Greyfaunt, after passing a decent period in retirement at Aix-les-Bains—his great-aunt had died toward the close of the summer—where his exceedingly fashionable mourning, his jet studs and wrist-buttons, and the coal-black steed he rode were deservedly admired, came back to Paris, settled accounts with Madame de Kergolay's notary—whom he accused, at many stages of their business transactions, of robbing him, and who did him the honor to remark, as he handed him the last packet of thousand-franc notes accruing from the dead lady's succession, that with a more heartless young man he had never come in contact—and called in an upholsterer from the Rue St. Louis, to whom, after a parley of ten minutes, he sold en bloc the entire furniture and fittings of his relative's apartments in the Marais—tapestry, china, pictures, and all. "I do not want this rococo stuff," he said, candidly. "I was in England not many months since, and am returning there; and if I require brics-à-bracs I can get as many as I need in Wardour Street at cheaper rates than here."

The upholsterer handed three thousand francs to the Sultan Greyfaunt, and sent a couple of vans to carry away all the poor old lady's penates, which were worth six thousand at least. Big men in blouses dragged the faded Cupids, and shepherdesses, and bewigged gentlemen with the cross of St. Louis down stairs. Gentil Bernard lay for a time in the gutter, and Babet la Bouquetière was calmly contemplated by a chiffonnier. A part of the furniture went very soon to decorate the rooms of a lorette in the Rue Taitbout. When she had quarreled with the English milord, through her overweening partiality for the Brazilian coffee-planter, who turned out to be a swindler from Hamburg, she had a lavage, or sale of her nick-nacks, and some of Madame de Kergolay's penates were sold to the Jews, and some were bought by painters to increase the "properties" of their studios withal. Then in process of time they got burned or broken up, or pawned and sold and pawned again, or exported to America or Australia. Which is the way of the world, and not at all uncommon.

But the first van-load of goods had scarcely left the house of the deceased before Edgar Greyfaunt was snugly ensconced in the coupé of the diligence on his way to Calais. He began to think his mourning very hot and shabby-looking. He must have an entirely new wardrobe when he reached London. Those French tailors did not know how to fit an English gentleman. Willis or Nugee should be honored with his patronage. He was about to assume his proper position in society. He was destined to shine there, that was certain. He had an ancient name, a handsome presence, and a fortune. Yes, quite a fortune. In a letter of credit on a London banking firm he was entitled to draw for no less a sum than five thousand pounds sterling. That was his entire capital—a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. It sounded magnificent. Reduced to English sterling, it had not quite so sonorous a ring, but still with a great deal of spending in it. In his whole life the sultan had never grasped so much money. His treasure seemed to him inexhaustible. He would live largely, luxuriously, he thought, but then he would be adding to his capital. Was there not the turf? might not he, a young gentleman of fashion and fortune, make a figure there, and win thousands by betting? How much would it cost to have a stud of race-horses? And play! there was play. Hitherto, certainly, he had but rarely had a run of luck; but Fortune favors the bold, and he would have no need to distress himself about the loss of a few paltry hundreds of francs. And if the worst came to the worst, was he not an artist? Had he not a commanding genius? Most commanding. Certainly, at no very distant date the portals of the English Royal Academy must open for his admission. But there would be plenty of time to take up with painting again. It was the last resource. To tell truth, he felt slightly ashamed of the easel and maulstick, now that he was an independent gentleman, with his pocket full of money. After all, it was but a base mechanical employment this painting. How villainously the turpentine and megelp smelt! How difficult it was to find subjects—what a bore it was to have to make sketches! And those troublesome models—they cost ever so much money, and the color merchant was always dunning for his bill. Those envious ill-conditioned fellows the critics, too, who made impertinent observations in print for which, if they got their deserts, they should be caned, and who drew no distinction between a picture painted by the son of a cobbler and one that was the work of a descendant of the barons of old.

Of course Edgar put up at the Ship when he landed at Dover—the Lord Warden not being then built—and although he had the largest suit of apartments next to a Russian grand-duke who had crossed with him, the Ship was several sizes too small for the Sultan Greyfaunt. He would have posted to London had not the railway just been opened. He could never have endured a vulgar stage-coach.

He had plenty of friends, and some few distant connections in London. It was known that he was Madame de Kergolay's heir. Nobody knew much about the old lady's circumstances, nor did the sultan feel called upon to enlighten society with any particularity. It was noised abroad that he had inherited a large fortune; nor did he take any special pains to contradict the rumor. If people chose to deceive themselves, why should they not be deceived? A convenient train of reasoning which has been pursued in all countries these five thousand years about.

So where, when the sultan arrived in the British metropolis, should his highness alight but at Pomeroy's Hotel in Great Grand Street, Grosvenor Square? He drove there straight from the terminus, and was received with much distinction. One had need be a distinguished foreigner to be welcomed in Great Grand Street. As a rule, Pomeroy (represented by a sharp Swiss named Jean Baptiste Constant, the successor to the original proprietor; he having retired on a fortune) only took in princes; and, equally as a rule, princes, when they came to town, were taken by their couriers to Pomeroy's. Mr. J. B. Constant (he was never called Monsieur now, and was supposed to be a naturalized British subject, and a stanch Protestant, the which did not prevent his entertaining the Sheik of the Soudan, who was a Mussulman, and the Abbeokuta Envoy, who was black and a pagan, and was with difficulty persuaded from celebrating his "grand custom" over a footbath full of blood in the black drawing-room; besides any stray Romanist or Russo-Greek grandees who came that way)—Mr. J. B. Constant owed much of the success which he had hitherto enjoyed to his extended connection among the useful class of traveling servants known as couriers, who, when out of an engagement, or off duty, were always sure of a hearty reception, a good cigar, and a glass of curaçao, or other comforting stimulant in Pomeroy's still-room. The recommendations of an experienced member of the courier profession, one Franz Stimm had been especially useful to Mr. Constant, and he was grateful to him accordingly.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt de Kergolay was therefore, as was only due to so high and mighty a prince, made much of at this patrician hostelry. On his cards he called himself Greyfaunt de Kergolay; and his name was surmounted by a neatly engraved and prettily spiked coronet. During the lifetime of his great-aunt, and in Paris, he had affected a disdain for his foreign lineage, and would own no blue blood but that of the Greyfaunts of Lancashire; but now that she was dead, and he had got her money, he thought there was no harm in hinting that he was the representative of a noble house from beyond the sea. Perhaps he found the Greyfaunts of Lancashire, like many other country families as noble, somewhat at a discount in London society, which, following the usual fashion, interested itself with what was passing on the extreme horizon in preference to that which was going on beneath its very nose. At all events, the lofty Edgar, when he was addressed as Viscount, did not resent the error with any great acrimony. His old companions called him Greyfaunt; but many newly-found ones in cosmopolitan and diplomatic circles spoke to him, and asked him to dinner as De Kergolay. Under that title he was entered in Mr. J. B. Constant's books; and as De Kergolay he was inscribed much more legibly, and indeed, indelibly, in Mr. J. B. Constant's mind.

Thus, and in despite of his English face and tongue, being accounted that which imperfectly educated persons are apt to term a "foreign swell," Edgar—you may call him, and I will call him by either of his surnames indifferently—was naturally introduced to the Pilgrims' Club in Park Lane, at which, as every body knows, or ought to know, the embassadors, the secretaries of legation, and the attachés accredited to the court of St. James's, mingle on a charmingly social footing with sundry illustrious Englishmen, whose qualifications as Pilgrims must be simply these: to have traveled ten thousand miles in a straight direction, and in a given line from the North Pole; to be faultless hands at écarté, piquet, and short whist, and to belong to the cream of the cream of English society, both by wealth, by birth, and by position.

There are always a good many candidates up at the Pilgrims' Club—where gentlemen's names are put down when they are infants in arms, with a view to their entering the club at their grand climacteric—but as failures in one of the three grand and essential requisites are sometimes unavoidable, the rejection of candidates at the Pilgrims' Club (which is, I think, near the Piccadilly end of Park Lane) is not by any means of rare occurrence. Indeed, they say there is more blackballing at the P. (the affectionate diminutive of Pilgrim) than at any other club in London: always excepting the Ostrich in Sandys Street, Deseret Square. There, you know, they pilled Sir Eurasius Quihi for his loose notions on the subject of suttee, and all but ostracized brave old Admiral Sindbad, because he was known to maintain that curry was better without chutnee than with it. For distinctions must be made, it is plain, to keep society select—which would otherwise degenerate into a mere anarchical Odd Fellows' gathering of the most ungenteel description: and it is a good and holy thing to be exclusive. Thus, as you see, the Pilgrims had secured the very cream of the cream in their English memberhood.

Well, and the foreigners. One must make allowances for foreigners, of course. If Baron Burstoff, Minister Plenipotentiary from Crim Tartary, had formerly been simply a Hebrew money-changer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine (the letters we used to have from him about the Imperial High Dutch lottery, and urging us forthwith to invest in that swindle, and win a castle on the Rhine, the title of Count, and the entire library of the late lamented Puffendorff!); if old Professor Stradivarius from Jena, the distinguished philologist and translator of the poems of Saadi into the Zummerzetzhire dialect, and the Post-Office London Directory of eighteen hundred and forty-two into Syro-Chaldaic, was the son of a tripe-dealer at Magdeburg, and had, in early life, followed the humble trade of a tailor; and if that famous traveler, Marcus Rolopolus, Ph.D., R.G.S., etc., etc., had been assistant-keeper of a wild beast show (traveling, and occasionally varied by the beef-eater business outside), a dealer in stuffed birds in the vicinity of Goodman's-fields, and the proprietor of a sailors' boarding-house at Gibraltar, before he discovered the site of the lost city of Alesia, brought back the original pleadings of the Abderites in the great lawsuit of the ass's shadow, and made it manifest to the entire world that the wild Wangdoodlums do *not* eat human flesh when roast hippopotamus is procurable; and that they *do* knock out their front teeth to be the better able to whistle their native airs—if the savans and the illustrious strangers who were made free of the P., and nearly threw the waiters into fits by spitting on the carpet of the morning-room, were sometimes of mean extraction, and occasionally of coarse manners, and now and then humbugs, the great principle of exclusiveness was at least outwardly vindicated. Once a Pilgrim always a Pilgrim; and the gown and scrip and sandaled shoon covered a multitude of sins.

Yes: the Sultan Greyfaunt had found his proper groove in life, and became it admirably. The groove was anointed with the most delicately-scented unguent: pommade divine, at least. It was a groove beginning very high up indeed in the social scale, and you slid down it, as down that famous One Tree Hill of antiquity, Avernus.

After a time Edgar left Pomeroy's Hotel. He did not complain of the costliness of its accommodation—(I think a mutton-chop costs a guinea there, and a bottle of soda-water three-and-sixpence, and I know a one-horse brougham is two pounds ten an hour); but, intending to reside permanently in London, it was, of course, idle to remain in a hotel. So Mr. Constant, whom the sultan deigned to patronize in the most benignant manner, found for his illustrious guest a handsome suit of chambers in St. James's Place; supplied him with a perfect pearl of a washer-woman, who enameled shirts, iced white waistcoats, frosted pocket-handkerchiefs, and turned cravats into snow-flakes in the most beautiful manner; and, in addition, recommended him a body-servant—a very jewel of a body-servant—a young man by the name of Hummelhausen, said to be a distant relation of the proprietor of Pomeroy's, who shaved, dressed hair, varnished boots, compounded curious restoratives on the mornings after heavy dinners, found out the addresses of people whom he had seen but once in his life, and then only on the Serpentine's banks, played on the guitar, and was worth his weight in gold generally.

Could there be a more fortunate youth than the Sultan Greyfaunt, with his health, his figure, his genius, his ready money, his pearl of a laundress, his jewel of a body-servant, and his coronet upon his card? His name was down at the P. He often dined there. His election was considered certain, owing to the influence of Sir Timotheus O'Boy, that great collector of musical instruments, who is said to have nine of Father Schmidt's organs down at his place in Devonshire, and the original anvil beaten by the Harmonious Blacksmith in his smoking-room in Curzon Street. Some of the best houses in London were open to Edgar. Some of the prettiest faces in London smiled at him from carriage windows. "Oh king! live forever!" cries the Eastern adulator. The Sultan Greyfaunt would have been but very slightly incensed with any adulatory person, Oriental or otherwise, who informed him that he, the sultan, was destined to live forever.

TWILIGHT IN CAMP.

The twilight, like a hooded nun
 Comes silent-footed o'er the hills;
 The vesper-chanting whip-poor-wills
Seem glad the heated day is done.

Glad, for they sing—yet, in their song
 There is a sweetly plaintive tone,
 As if to birds there could be known
With love regret, or pain, or wrong.

They call and answer from afar;
 They fill the silence with a name;
 Night after night it is the same,
As is the shining of a star.

'Tis thus to those I love I call
 Through days of absence, and I hear
 By answering lips my name made dear—
Or think I hear, if that is all.

And when the twilight hour is come,
 Whate'er of care the day has brought,
 My heart grows patient in the thought
My name is called by those at home.

Near Petersburg, Virginia, *July*, 1864.

LITTLE DILVER'S TRUDGE.

An April breeze was stirring the drifts of bloom on a Western prairie. Away as far as the eye could reach in one direction soft billows of grass and blossom rolled, and the breeze as it rustled among them caught the fresh breath of their fragrance on its wings. Just upon the verge of the prairie, nestled like some great white bird among the tall locusts and stout black walnuts that shadowed its purity, was a little white-walled cottage, with a green tracery of vines about its windows and porches, and a perfect wilderness of gay blossoms and emerald verdure in front. In the rustic doorway sat an old lady with soft white hair folded under the snowiest of muslin caps, and her hands, holding her spectacles between them, clasped upon her knee.

A little lower down, seated upon the steps, were four others—two stalwart young men with brown faces and earnest eyes, a young girl, and a child with a face like daybreak; such innocence, and freshness, and roseate bloom; such large, wondering, serious eyes; such a little sensitive scarlet mouth; such gravity just now upon the young features.

"You will remember, then, Dilver," said one of the young men, continuing a bantering conversation with the child, "that, just as Aunt Fanny is Mr. Forsyth's wife, you are mine?"

"Dilver 'll 'member," said the child with the utmost seriousness, while the young girl, blushing brightly and threatening him with her little hand, exclaimed, "Fie, Warren!"

"I'll leave it to Forsyth if it's not the truth," said the young man roguishly, as he dodged the pretty hand.

"If it's not true it is almost," Forsyth said, lightly; and then, drawing nearer the girl, he added, in a low voice, while his friend pretended obliviousness,

"I wish it was quite true, Fanny. I wish you would be my wife before I go. It would take away half the pain of parting to know that I left a wife behind me, instead of a pretty girl who will find plenty of beaux to help her forget me."

"If she could do that she wouldn't deserve to be your wife," said the girl, gently, yet with a tender sweetness that thrilled her lover's heart.

"Aunt Fanny," said little Dilver, "if Mr. Forsyth dits sick, or any body tuts his arm off where he's doing, shall you do and take care of him, and make his arm drow adin?"

The girl's soft eyes filled with tears, and she gave a little sob as she turned partly away from the child.

Forsyth's hand covered hers as it trembled upon her lap, and he whispered, "Be my wife, Fanny, and then if the worst happens you can come to me. I mean," he exclaimed, as he saw how her cheek whitened—"Hang it, how clumsy I am!" And rising suddenly, "Fanny, won't you come out in the grove with me? I want to see if—"

The remainder of the speech was lost as the girl rose, as much to hide her pale and tearful face, and let him lead her away.

"What was it he wanted to see?" questioned the child, her lip quivering.

"Only if the spring weren't dry," said Warren, roguishly.

"Springs don't ever dit dry," said Dilver, reproachfully—"not hardly ever. Aunt Fanny told me so."

Forsyth and Fanny were married the morning before the departure of the two young men for the seat of the war, and while young Forsyth held his weeping bride in his arms, little Dilver clung to Warren Hastings, and sobbed out her childish grief at his departure.

The child was very fond of him, and he of her; and when he had gone she refused to be comforted for hours.

Fanny sat in her chamber drenched in tears, or stole about the house with a very pale face and red eyes, and Dilver hid herself in the little recess at the head of the stairs, and cried her tears upon her apron—the very one that had been put on clean to bid Warren good-by in.

Whenever young Hastings's name was mentioned afterward she called herself, with great assumption of dignity, his "'ittle wife."

The family, much amused, humored her in the fancy, and being a singularly bright and engaging little creature, others, who were fond of the child, found her small talk about it very entertaining.

She was a comical little imitator too, and whatever Fanny said about Frank, Dilver very gravely repeated concerning Warren.

One day came very sad news. Frank Forsyth had been wounded, and was likely to die. A telegram came summoning his young wife. Mrs. Loring was very unwilling that Fanny should go. She was old and timid, and it seemed to her a terrible thing for a young creature like Fanny to venture upon such a journey alone, for there was no one to go with her.

But Fanny was firm and resolved, and she went.

The very day succeeding her departure came very similar news concerning Warren Hastings; though not so directly, or from any reliable source. It was merely a rumor, but chanced to meet Dilver's ears. The curious child—not so curious either, for children often adopt such fancies—had taken upon her to expect that whatever happened to Aunt Fanny was to happen to her also; and ever since Aunt Fanny's departure she had asked constantly if no "teledom" had come for her from Warren.

Now she assumed at once that she had received her telegram, and (like Aunt Fanny) announced her intention of going to "Rashin'ton" immediately to take care of him.

The family smiled, and found much amusement, as heretofore, in watching and listening to her.

She had a little red morocco cabas that some one had given her. This she "packed" in very womanly fashion, and with much anxious consultation with "dranma."

Her mother—two years dead—had been Fanny's sister and Mrs. Loring's daughter.

"Dranma," with much prideful enjoyment, advised and was consulted to the child's infinite contentment, and the packing was concluded after the most approved fashion. Of course "dranma" and the rest thought no farther till Dilver bade them all a very affecting good-by, and started on her journey toward her sick soldier-boy.

At this point it was found necessary to resort to moral suasion, and finally something farther. In short, to the mortal offending of her dignity, Miss Dilver had to be returned to the house by force of arms.

She was too proud to cry, though she struggled some, and finally submitted, or seemed to submit, to her fate in silent state.

She was a quiet child always, and nobody missed her therefore for some time, nor suspected, when they did not see her about, that she had crept out, and was traveling through the tall prairie grass as rapidly as her small feet could.

When it really appeared that she was nowhere to be found about the house or grove, and when furthermore the absence of her little shaker and the *packed* cabas seemed to indicate that she had persisted in her childish resolve, two of her uncles—mere boys in their teens—went out, half-laughing, half-scared, to scour the prairie for her.

In half an hour or thereabout each returned to the house expecting that, without doubt, the other had found her. The search was renewed, Mrs. Loring frantically joining in it.

They had first discovered her absence at five o'clock. How long she had been gone then it was impossible to know with any certainty—possibly a full hour. At sundown they had not found her; and the boys rode hither and thither, rousing the neighbors for miles to assist in the search.

At noon the next day nothing had been heard of the child!

It seemed incredible that those little feet could have wandered so entirely beyond trace; that with so many scouring the prairie, and so soon, no sign of her should have been found. Yet so it was. Not so much as a little shoe rewarded the seekers; not so much as a tag torn from the little dress, or a crumpled place in the long grass where she might have lain.

The excitement was intense. The county—a large one, and sparsely settled—was alive with inquiry for the lost child. But the mystery only deepened.

Meanwhile little Dilver, watching her opportunity, had slipped out when "dranma" was not looking, and keeping close to the fence till she came to the tall grass, had trudged briskly away without looking behind her.

The prairie grass was in its rankest luxuriance, and amply high enough to shroud her small dignity amidst its greenness. The prairie was forbidden ground to her, and she had hitherto never attempted it, for in a general way the child was remarkably obedient. It was late in the afternoon, and not a very warm day; and as she trudged along picking all the flowers she liked—she couldn't do that at home—and feasting till mouth and hands were scarlet on the sweet wild strawberries, she felt as though she were in fairy-land, or would if she had known of such a place. She had her arms full of flowers, and she had taken off her shaker to put berries in for Warren. By-and-by it began to get dark, and the wee feet were tired, and she couldn't see any thing that looked like "Rashin'ton" yet.

It was not singular that the boys did not discover her at this time; for the prairie was wide, and the vast space swallowed their calls like pebbles cast into the ocean.

It is impossible to know how far she was from home at nightfall, probably not more than half a mile at most; but it might as well have been miles for any chance of seeing her in the deep grass. Sitting down presently to rest, the pretty eyelids grew heavy, the pretty head drooped to a grassy pillow, and Dilver was asleep.

In a little while an emigrant train came along, and stopped with the intention of passing the night there. But some one—probably one of those very men who were searching for the lost child—told them of a better camping-ground a mile and a half or two miles on. So they pushed ahead, and Dilver went with them.

She must have been wakened by the noise about her, and bewildered, as children are apt to be when waked out of the first sleep, perhaps fancied that she was at home, and had fallen out of bed; and so clambered back again, not into bed, as it happened, but into an emigrant's wagon, loaded miscellaneously with baskets and boxes, bags and bundles. At any rate that was where they found her the next morning, curled away like a kitten between a bag of flour and a box of corn. Ascertaining by questioning that this was probably the child that they were looking for the night before, the emigrants sent one of their number back with her.

The man had not gone far before Dilver announced a house that appeared in the distance as the one she lived in; and the man being in haste to return to his train, which had started on already, put her down at a little distance from the house and rode away.

It was still very early; and as the child, glad enough to get away from strangers and go home, but somewhat abashed and afraid of the reception she might get, timidly approached the house, she saw that there were no flowers in the yard, and no trees either; and besides that there was a great dog before the gate, and he growled and showed such sharp teeth that Dilver, very much frightened, turned and ran away again.

Fortunately the emigrants had given her her breakfast, and one of the children had put some crackers in her pocket; so she wasn't hungry, but she was cold and wet from running through the dew-drenched grass, and she began to feel very miserable and home-sick, and she was so little she couldn't see over the top of the tall verdure about her, and she got wetter at every step, and she didn't believe "Rashin'ton" was any where, and she "wanted dranma;" and then she began to cry, but not loudly, for the sound of her own voice frightened her out there all alone, and she was afraid the big dog would hear her too.

It was a terribly long time to her since she had seen dranma and uncles Phil and Wat. But by-and-by, as the sun came high in the heavens and dried the grass, and dried her wet clothes, and warmed her, she stopped crying and trudged on again, farther and farther away from home; but she didn't know that.

Warren Hastings, instead of being wounded, was on his way home on a recruiting expedition. From the nearest station, some twenty miles away, he was coming on horseback across the prairie, when his horse suddenly shied so violently at something in the grass as to almost throw him from the saddle.

Curious to see what could have so startled the animal, Warren urged him again toward the same spot. The next instant, with an exclamation of alarm, he was off his horse and kneeling in the grass beside little Dilver Loring.

She was not dead as he had thought at first, but was sleeping with the tears yet glittering on her long eyelashes, and a grieved expression about the little mouth.

"The small sprite! How could she have got here?" muttered the young man, looking about him with a bewildered air; and then lifting her in his arms, he spoke, gently, "Dilver, child, what are you doing away off here?"

The curling lashes flashed upward, and the child's large, serious eyes looked at him strangely.

"Has I dot to Rashin'ton?" she asked, simply, and then too weary and worn for talk, she nestled down in his arms and shut her eyes again.

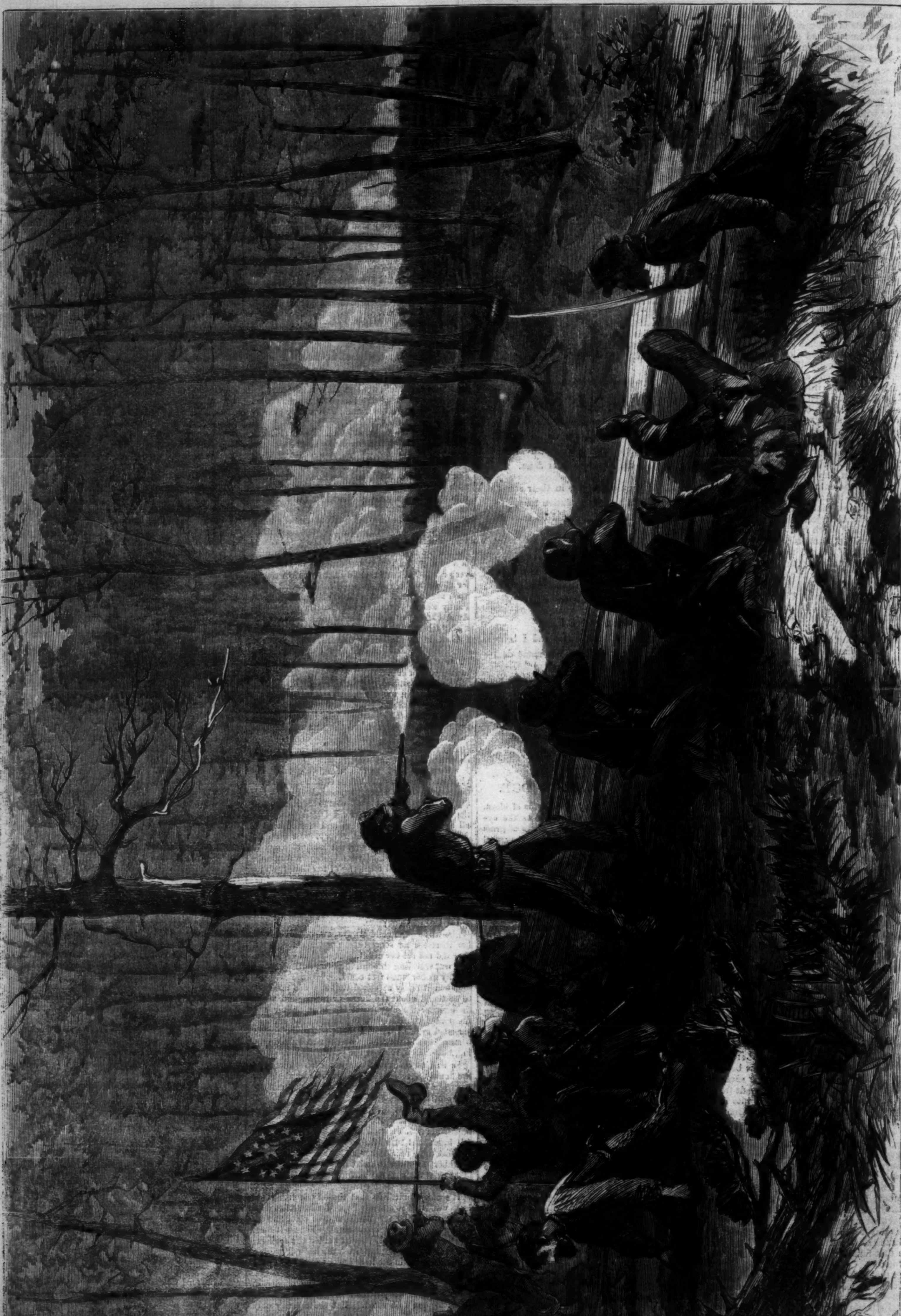
Sorely puzzled, the young man remounted his horse, and rode on with the little creature asleep on his shoulder. Mrs. Loring saw him long before he reached the house, and seeming to know, though she could not see, what he carried in his arms, she rose from the couch upon which grief and the shock had prostrated her, and ran out and met him some distance away.

"God bless you, young man!" she cried, "I thought I should never see my darling again!" and she sank down sobbing in the grass.

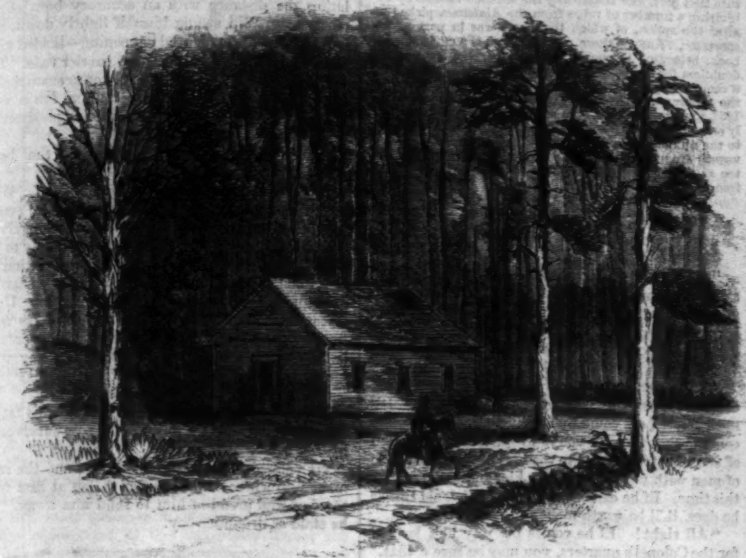
His first leisure Warren Hastings devoted to elaborately explaining to that small Dilver that "Rashin'ton" was not to be reached on foot, and that, moreover, such little four-year-oldism as she was could not go there alone.

He furthermore informed her that that little talk about being his wife was only a nice joke between themselves; but that if they both lived, and she liked him enough when she got older, she should be in very truth his little wife.

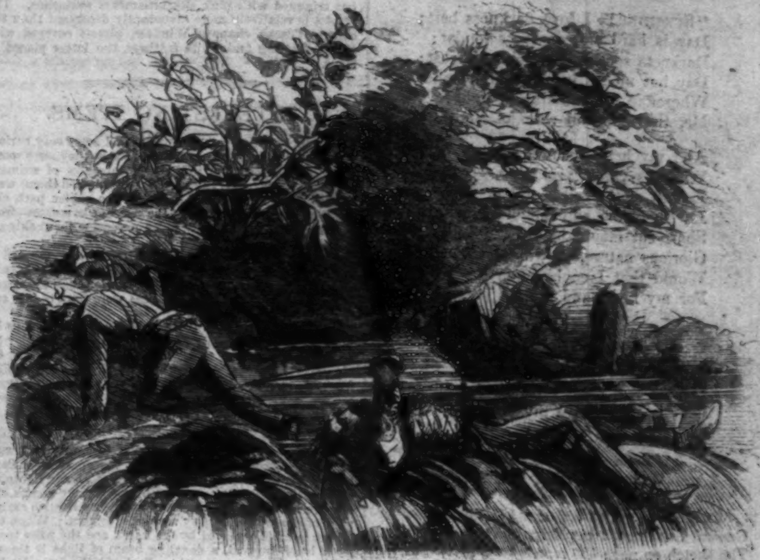
Frank Forsyth did not die: he came home in time with Fanny, but it was to *stay*; for he had lost an arm, and all Fanny's loving care, he gravely told pitiful little Dilver, could never "make it drow adin."



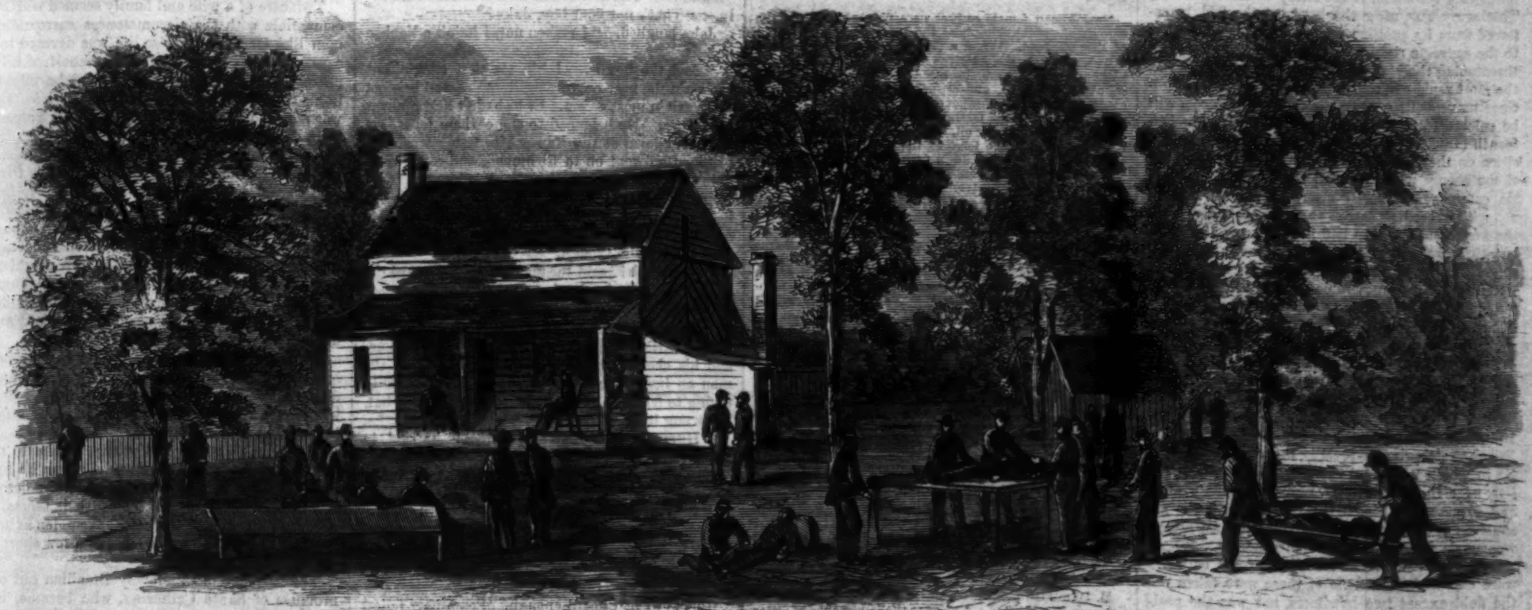
GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF EZRA'S CHURCH (GENERAL WOOD'S DIVISION), July 28, 1864.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 558.]



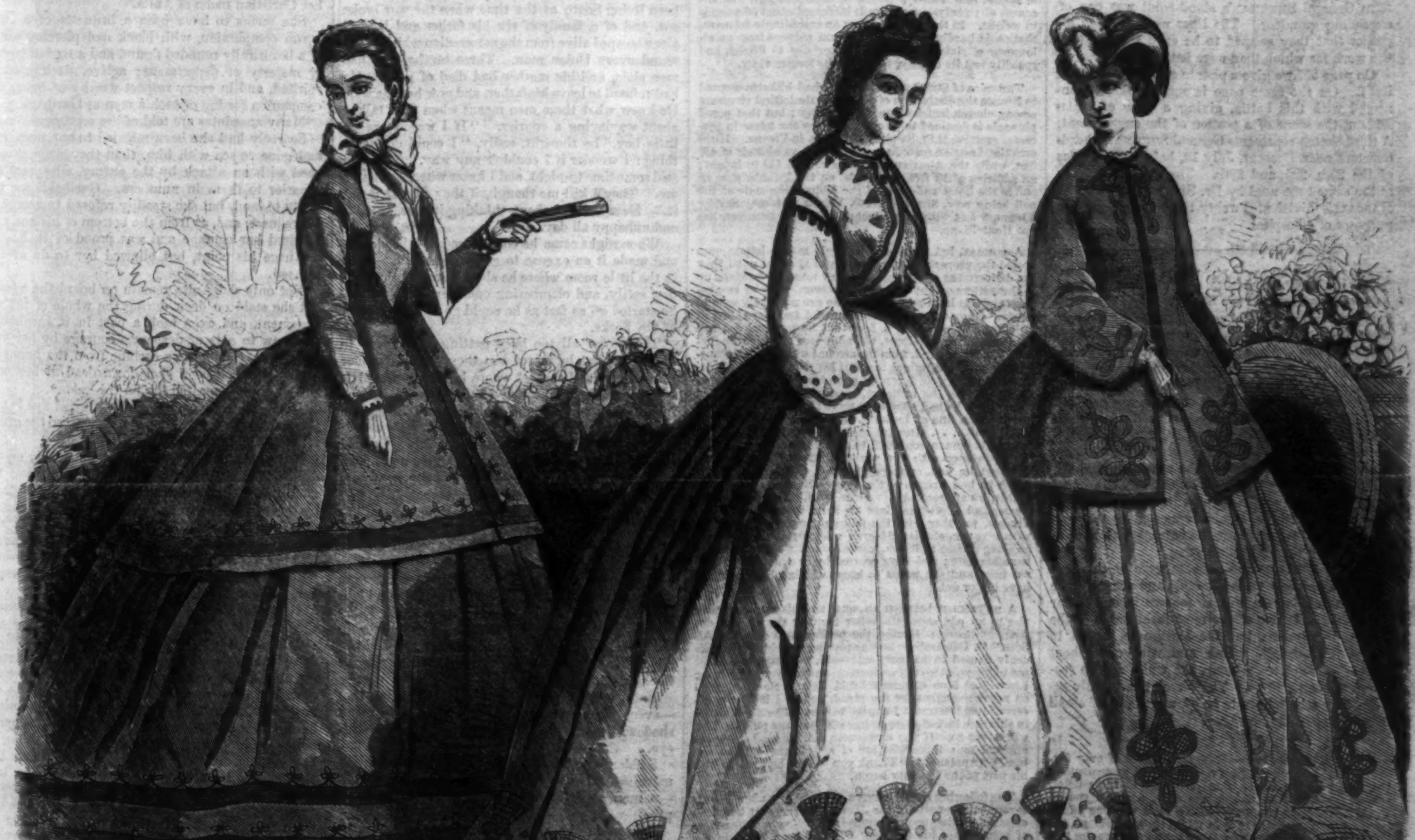
GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—EZRA'S CHURCH, July 28, 1864.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]



DEAD BROOK—BATTLE OF EZRA'S CHURCH.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR DECATUR, July 19, 1864.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See next Page.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1864.—[See next Page.]

"SUNSHINE."

"Sunshine!" I love darkness best;
Day is hard and darkness tender:
Darkness soothes the aching breast;
Day but mocks it with his splendor.
Wherefore bid me sing of light?
Me, the mournful child of Night.

Ah! my hand upon the string
Wanders vainly preluding.
Echoes of the tropic wake!
Lavish bloom and languid grove,
Sharp-cut mountain, dreamy lake,
Glorious nature, glowing love!
Would that I could catch a ray
For my heart and for my lay.

Never here!—This pallid sky
Makes the very soul to shiver.
To my brown South let me fly,
Let me feel once more its fever;
Let me bury there my pain,
Live and love and sing again.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

We give on pages 556 and 557 illustrations of General Sherman's campaign in front of Atlanta. The sketch on page 556 represents a portion of the Battle of Ezra's Church, fought July 28. General Logan, after M'Pherson's death, assumed temporary command of the Army of the Tennessee. This army was, after the battle of the 22d, transferred from its position on the east side of Atlanta to the extreme right of our army on the west side, threatening the Macon Road. The movement was the most rapid of a campaign which, for the expeditious movements of troops over vast distances, will be celebrated in the history of the war. The Fifteenth (Logan's own) Corps had hardly got in position on the right before it was attacked by 20,000 of the enemy under General Stewart. The battle, commencing shortly after one o'clock, continued with exceeding fierceness until nearly dark. At the first onset our men had no shelter of any kind, but their keen appreciation of a breast-work was shown by the fact that before the fight ended a rail-work affording considerable shelter had been constructed. The battle was fought entirely by the Fifteenth Corps, and the loss sustained by them is probably the slightest that is known—51 killed and 476 wounded. Over 700 rebel dead were buried by our men, and the reports from the rebels acknowledge a loss of over 5000 men. Among the rebel wounded were Generals Loring, Stewart, S. D. Lee, Brown, and Gibson.

The sketch gives especially that part of the battle in which Wood's division was engaged, on the left, near the church. Harrow held the centre, and Morgan L. Smith the right. After the assault on Wood had thus signally failed an attack was made on Smith with some success. Smith was nearly flanked, and several of his batteries were captured; but none of these were taken off the field except two howitzers, nor was the position occupied by the rebels. At three o'clock Wood reinforced Smith, and the line of works taken by the rebels was recaptured. The scene from General Sherman's stand-point was one of exceeding grandeur. The lines were so close together that they seemed to be only separated by the work for which they were battling.

On page 557 we give a picture of Ezra's Church itself. On the same page is another sketch connected with this battle, giving a view of Dead Brook, the scene of a portion of the engagement. A third sketch represents General Sherman's headquarters near Decatur, July 19, before the battles of the 20th, 22d, and 28th. These quarters were at the same time used by Dr. Shippen, surgeon of Hascall's division, Twenty-third Corps, for the purposes of a hospital.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

The engraving on page 557 gives the Paris fashions for the month of August. Although easy of wear, these light costumes are not without their peculiar complications; and, to be altogether graceful, require care in the selection and arrangement of the colors for ornament. In addition to the ordinary disposition to patronize foulards, alpacas, and barèges, great favor is being bestowed upon white muslin dresses of the first quality, trimmed fantastically with strips of silk disposed in all directions, according to the caprices of the modiste. Indeed, light dresses generally, ornamented with silk strips attached as just mentioned, or with very small passementerie trimmings, enjoy a vogue altogether undisputed, and really merit the patronage they meet with even in the highest quarters.

The head-dresses and bonnets worn at this season are extremely varied in style and shape. The chapeau Windsor in Tuscan (shown in one of our illustrations) is one of the most fashionable of the round description; but the legitimate bonnet in white tulle—small, round, and with or without bavolet—completes, *à ravir*, the white muslin costume just alluded to. The bavolet is usually replaced by a bow in tulle or by a garland of small flowers gracefully arranged.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe and paletot of gray foulard, with three rows of dark violet silk and passementerie trimming on the skirt; round the edge of the paletot, across the shoulders, and on the cuffs, a single row of similar trimming is adapted with a most pleasing effect. The small round chapeau is in white tulle bouillonné, the bavolet being replaced by a large tulle bow; orange bow and ribbons.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress.*—Very pale yellow alpaca robe, ornamented with silk embroidery in several shades of velvet. The skirt especially presents a very pretty and novel appearance, and the dress is completed by the Moldavian vest, and the muslin chemisette, of which only a small portion is seen above the black silk plastron edged with violet. The head-dress is the coiffure Catalane, in Valenciennes lace, with black and violet velvet bow in front.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress for a Young Lady.*—Light stone-colored toilet, the paletot and robe being of uniform color, but trimmed with pink silk ornaments soutachés. The paletot is relatively more abundantly decorated than the skirt. Tuscan chapeau Windsor, almost covered with eagles' feathers and white feathers, the latter placed in front.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The ancient Greeks and Romans had some very curious notions about bees. They imagined that they were sometimes originated from the putrid carcasses of animals, especially lions; that the kings (as they called them) were produced from the brain, as being the nobler part, and the remainder of the swarm—the *profanum vulgus*—from the flesh. Virgil actually gives a receipt for making a swarm out of a dead ox.

Another absurd fancy was that bees were generated in the blossoms and among the leaves of particular plants, the olive being one—a more refined notion than the other, certainly—and that the baby-bees were from thence collected by the old ones.

A still more wonderful story, if possible, is told us by Lucius Columella, in his agricultural work entitled "De re Rusticâ," written somewhere about the year A.D. 40. He gravely informs us that bees which have been *killed* for the sake of obtaining their honey may be advantageously kept till spring, and then placed in the sun among pounded fig-tree ashes, when they will come to life again! This *is* vitality, and no mistake.

The New York theatres may now look out and secure for their audiences a new wonder. An optician in Paris has succeeded in producing the effect of zigzag lightning on the stage, with its peculiar blue color, by means of a concave mirror, in the process of which are the two carbon poles of a powerful battery nearly in contact. When the mirror is rapidly moved by the hand, and the poles touch for a brief interval, a dazzling beam of light is thrown across the stage precisely like a flash of lightning. He has also succeeded in producing a rainbow, by means of an electric spectrum, which is used with effect in the opera of *Moses*.

The Roman female corpses were painted. So are the corpses of the inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands and of New Zealand. When a New Zealand chieftain dies, says Mr. Polack, the relatives and friends cut themselves with muscle-shells and let blood profusely, because they believe that ghosts, and especially royal ghosts, are exceedingly partial to this beverage. The head is adorned with the most valued feathers of the albatros. The hair is anointed with shark oil, and tied at the crown with a ribbon of *tapa*. The lobes of the ears are ornamented with bunches of white down from the sea-fowl's breast, and the cheeks are embellished with red-ochre. The brow is encircled with a garland of pink and white flowers of *kaikatoa*. Mats, wove of the silken flax, are thrown around the body, which is placed upright. Skulls of enemies slain in battle are ranged at its feet. The relics of ancestors, dug up for the occasion, are placed on platforms at its head. A number of slaves are slaughtered to keep the chieftain company. His wives and concubines drown themselves, that they also may be of the party. The body lies in state three or four days. The priests flourish round it, with wisps of flax, to keep off the devil and all his angels. The *pihe*, or funeral song, is then chanted, which we take to be the Old Hundredth of the New Zealanders, very much resembling the *nœnia*, or funeral song of the Romans. At last the body is buried with the favorite mats, muskets, trinkets, etc., of the deceased.

The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark, but if in sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blueberries; others are liquid, and deep wells that men might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes and asserting eyes, eyes full of faith—some of good and some of sinister omen.

M. Danoel, in a paper read to the Paris Academy of Sciences, has directed attention to the importance of water as a cause of obesity. He narrated two experiments—one on a lean horse, from whose diet per day 3 pounds of oats were subtracted, while it was provided with abundance of water, into which a pound of bran was put. In the course of twenty-seven days it increased about 36 pounds in weight. In the same regiment an exceedingly fat mare, that could hardly carry its rider, was reduced from an allowance of sixty litres of water per day to fifteen, and speedily lost its obesity, resuming its former vigor.

The spire of Strasbourg Cathedral had hitherto secured to France the distinction of possessing the loftiest structure among church belfries known in Europe; but that proud pinnacle is destined to be overtopped by the tower in process of erection at St. Stephen's Minster, in Vienna. Hitherto the Austrian spire had only reached an altitude of 439 feet, while the Alsatian steeple measured 449 in height; an addition of 15 feet to its rival on the Danube puts an end to the boast and glory of the Rhine—the state of the poll being now, Strasbourg 449, Vienna 454, majority for Vienna 5 feet with a few inches. France, however, has got Mont Blanc.

A formal, but most essential rule makes letters once posted the property of the Postmaster-General until they are delivered as addressed, and they must not be given up to the writers on any pretense whatever. One or two requests of this kind related to us, we are not likely soon to forget. On one occasion a commercial traveler called at an office and expressed a fear that he had inclosed two letters in wrong envelopes, the addresses of which he furnished. It appeared, from the account which he reluctantly gave, after the refusal to grant his request, that his position and prospects depended upon his getting his letters, and correcting the mistakes, inasmuch as they revealed plans which he had adopted to serve two mercantile houses in the same line of business, whose interests clashed at every point. . . . Another case occurred in which a fast young gentleman confessed to carrying on a confidential correspondence with two young ladies at the same time, and that he had, or feared he had, crossed two letters which he had written at the same sitting. . . . Writing of this, we are reminded of a case in which a country postmaster had a letter put into his hand through the office-window, together with the following message, delivered with great emphasis: "Here's a letter; she wants it to go along as fast as it can, 'cause there's a feller wants to have her here; and she's courted by another feller that's not here, and she wants to know whether he is going to have her or not."

A difficulty between an actor and his manager gave rise to an odd scene the other night at the Théâtre des Arts, at Rouen. During the performance of "Nos Alliées," M. Delacroix, who was playing the chief rôle, suddenly paused in his part and said, "Gentlemen, allow me to interrupt myself an instant, and tell you something. I have just been dismissed by M. Briet. Now, I depend on my engagement for my bread, and as I have not deserved this treatment I appeal to you. The director has in this case looked more to himself than the public. This will never do. If you agree with me, be good enough to applaud me; those who are of a different opinion can hiss." (Applause.) "Thank you." And he went on with his part of the haughty baron.

The following singular event occurred just after Grant's severe battles north of the James. A sergeant had been engaged placing upon a number of head-boards the names of members of his regiment who had been killed in the late fight. There was one board in excess, and in a sportive vein he placed with a lead-pencil his own name upon it, and the date of his demise, June 20, as his term of service had then expired and he was about to leave for home. A day or two after, while bidding his companions farewell, he was struck in the breast by a 20-pounder Parrot and instantly killed. The very head-board he had unthinkingly inscribed with his own name was placed over his grave, which, with date, correctly marks his resting-place.

A Dieppe paper informs us that an English-built yacht, the *Pearl*, now belonging to a French gentleman, has come into that port, and is amusing the sea-side visitors by exhibiting a number of relics from the *Alabama*, picked up after the action, of which the *Pearl* was in part also a spectator. Among these objects saved is a curious note-book, belonging to one of the seamen, and containing, doubtless for his own interests in the way of prize-money, a complete list of all the vessels destroyed or captured by the *Alabama*. The list begins on the 5th of September, 1862, and closes on the 27th of April, 1864; and, curiously enough, enumerates just sixty-five captures, answering to the number of Captain Semmes's chronometers. Seven vessels are named as ransomed, forty-seven as burned, and ten as sold; and the work of destruction is estimated at from eight to ten millions of dollars.

THE LITTLE HERO.

"Here's news for ye, Jake, and work to do!" said a tall, rough-looking fellow, who had ridden up a moment before, and throwing himself from his horse came up the walk to where Jake Rennan sat cleaning a shot-gun. Jake looked up lazily.

"Wa'al, what is it now?"

"The Colonel's got positive news that that durned courier 'll pass this way some time to-night. It's most likely he'll come by Rocky Run; but he may come t'other way, so you're to watch and stop him ef you kin afore he gets to the Forks. Take a couple of men with you, more ef you kin, and make it sure this time. Ef he carries the news the Colonel thinks he does, it 'll be worth money to you to take him."

"All right! Ef he comes my way he's booked for the Colonel's quarters, you may be sure o' that."

A bright-looking boy of some ten years was sitting near by, hacking at a bit of pine with a rusty jack-knife. The new-comer looked at him curiously. "That's not your boy, Jake?"

Jake laughed. "I reckon not, I hain't a Yankee myself."

"And the boy is. I kin see that stickin' out plainer'n the nose on yer face." "Yes, and he's got more grit'n most of 'em. Ef he hadn't he'd a never been yere. He belonged to one o' them fellers we surprised down at the Run. His father was took prisoner and sent off to Richmond, and some of us goin' next day by where the campin' place had been, we found this yer boy pretty bad wounded too; but he would git well, and so we let him, and yere he is on our hands, as desperit a Yankee as you'll find. I kind o' like him though."

"Gritty, eh?" said the man, stepping toward the boy. "See yere, bubby, jest you say Hurrah for Jeff Davis, or I'll put this through ye quicker 'n lightnin'!" flashing his sword in the boy's face.

The little fellow was standing up by this time, and his cheeks were flushing. He looked at the man an instant, perhaps he saw that he was only trying to frighten him. Taking off his ragged hat, he swung it over his head,

"Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!" he said, in a low voice, but firmly.

The man's face darkened. He looked as though he were going to strike him, but Rennan interposed.

"Don't bother the boy; run away, Will."

The other man laughed. "I wasn't goin' to touch him," he said, and went down the walk, Jake following him, and standing some moments to talk with him beyond the boy's hearing.

But Will had heard enough. Some poor fellow was to be waylaid that night and shot for his dispatches. The boy, young as he was, had had already experience in life beyond his years. His father had been living South at the time when the war broke out, and of a family of six his father and he had alone escaped alive from the persecution which raged round every Union man. Three brothers he had seen slain, and his mother had died of grief. He had refused to leave his father, and now here he was. He knew what these men meant when they talked about waylaying a courier. "If I wasn't such a little boy," he thought, sadly, "I could do something: I wonder if I couldn't any way. The man said some time to-night, and I know where the Forks are. They'd kill me though, if they caught me at it." He wandered about, thinking it over, anxious and unhappy all day.

When night came he complained of a headache, and made it an excuse to go to bed early. Once in the little room where he slept he raised the window softly, and clambering out over a roof below, he started off as fast as he could go in the direction of the Forks.

They were all too busy getting Jake ready to miss him; but he feared lest they should discover his absence, and suspect where he had gone. His heart beat fast as he flew along the road, and he imagined in every sound that he heard Jake upon his track.

He reached the Forks, however, safely. Beyond this point the road—rough and scarcely more than a bridle-path before—dwindled and diverged into various nearly undistinguishable ways.

It would not answer for him to remain here, but where to wait beyond? By which of these scarcely perceptible ways would the expected courier come?

Fortunately, about half a mile on the woods were more open and the growth low. There was a high, bright moon. "If only Jake will stay at the Forks and watch," thought the boy, as he ran again toward the more open ground. That reached, he climbed a tree, and began his watch, listening at the same time for Jake and his men.

Not a very easy watch you may imagine that—every young sense on the alert, and so many shadows among the scattering trees to delude his eye.

Suddenly he heard the tramp of a horse, and almost instantly saw him—it must be he, he thought—a man alone on horseback, and riding at that pace.

Almost in the same moment he imagined he heard some one approaching in the opposite direction. The courier, if it were he, was riding unsuspiciously on, trusting perhaps to the speed of the animal he rode to take him past any danger that lurked.

Will was coming down from his perch as quickly as possible. He was quite sure that Jake and his men were waiting not far away; the courier was riding on unconscious of it—passing directly under the tree in which the boy was, when, calculating the distance with an accuracy born of the emergency, Will swung himself lightly down, and—strange and providential happening—landed upon the very back of the animal the courier rode. The horse plunged a little; the man, too accustomed to danger of all kinds—for these couriers are a very brave and tried set of men—to lose his presence of mind made no sound.

"Turn back quickly," whispered the boy; "there's danger ahead!"

The man did not hesitate a single instant. With an instinct sharpened by long experience he recognized the warning as worthy of notice, strangely as it had come, and wheeling his horse suddenly to the right, he rode at top-speed to a thicker portion of the wood, and, skirting along it, soon distanced Jake and his men, though they followed him. Upon discovering his change of route several shots were fired after him, but ineffectually, and he eventually reached his destination, bearing the boy with him.

Will became the hero of the hour.

News came soon after of the death of his father in prison, and the boy was left the sole survivor of his family.

He begged to stay with the army, and the regiment into whose hands he had fallen at first were too fond and proud of him to send him away. So he staid as drummer-boy.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

The care of a wife and family seemed wholly incompatible with the circumstances surrounding a man like Garibaldi, whose life was devoted to the cause of liberty—of fighting in behalf of all oppressed peoples—however successful he might be in his efforts, he would never have the leisure that was required in the father of a family. Fate, however, decided otherwise.

Finding himself completely isolated, and standing alone in the world, from losing all his friends, who were drowned at the wreck of the *Rio Pardo*, he was one day, while on the lake of Santa Catharina, sitting in the cabin of the sloop *Itaparika*, and looking toward the shore, when suddenly he saw, at a farm-house situated on the neighboring hill of La Barra, three or four girls busily engaged in domestic duties. They were all remarkable for beauty; but one in particular arrested his attention for her uncommon grace and loveliness.

He was still watching them when he received an order to go on shore. Immediately on landing he directed his steps to the house. He was admitted by the owner, whom he happened to know slightly, having met him once before.

The impulse which had prompted him to go to the house was to address the girl whom he had so admired. On seeing her he immediately besought her to become his wife. The girl, it seems, conceived an affection as warm and as sudden as he had felt for her; and after the lapse of a few short days they were man and wife.

The surname of this lovely Brazilian girl of the province of Santa Catharina, who became, under such peculiarly romantic circumstances, the wife of Garibaldi, has never been revealed. In all the biographies of our hero she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Anita.

She seems to have been a brunette of a rich, warm complexion, with black and piercing eyes; of a beautifully rounded figure, and a sort of queenly majesty of deportment; active, daring, high-spirited, and in every respect worthy of being the companion for life of such a man as Garibaldi.

Many anecdotes are told of her courage.

Scarcely had she been married to our hero, and had gone to sea with him, than they were threatened with an attack by the enemy, who were far superior to them in numbers. Garibaldi wanted Anita to land, but she steadily refused to accede to his request, and, as from the bottom of his heart he admired her courage and was proud of it, he did not urge his point, but allowed her to do as she pleased.

Not only did Anita remain on board the vessel, but she staid on deck during the whole of the engagement, and even took a part in it, inspiriting the crew to acts of desperate courage by her own example. Snatching a carbine from the hands of a man who had been shot down dead at her feet, she kept up a repeated fire on the enemy.

During the engagement, which lasted five hours, Garibaldi, as he says himself, experienced the greatest shock he ever felt in his life.

Anita, in the heat of the battle, standing on the deck and flourishing a sabre, was inspiriting the men to deeds of valor when she was knocked down by the wind of a cannon-ball that had killed two men standing close by her side. Garibaldi was springing forward to her, thinking that he would find her a corpse, when she rose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men who had fallen close to her, but quite unhurt.

Garibaldi begged her to go below and remain there until the action was over.

"I will go below," was her reply, "but only to drive out the cowards who are skulking there;" for only a few seconds before she had seen three men leave the deck and hurry rapidly down the hatchway, so as to get out of danger of the storm of bullets that was sweeping the deck. And going below she immediately after reappeared, driving before her the three men, overcome with shame that they should have been surpassed in courage by a woman.

Garibaldi himself has said that Anita, whose heart beat as much as his own for the cause of the people, took part in fights as an "amusement," and "as a simple variation to the general monotony of camp life."

At the battle fought at a place called Coritibani she could not content herself with being, as her husband desired, a mere spectator of the combat. She went to the baggage-wagons with the view of seeing that the soldiers were properly supplied with cartridges. The constant fire that was kept up by the Garibaldians against their enemy made her suspect that their ammunition would fail them if they were not constantly supplied with it. Accordingly she went to the principal scene of the engagement. She had not been there long when she saw about twenty or thirty of the Brazilian horse coming down upon the baggage-train at full gallop.

As she was both a good rider and well mounted she might have taken to flight and saved herself; but she was of too heroical a spirit to do so. She remained on the spot, encouraging the soldiers to fire upon the Imperialists as soon as they came within range. A volley emptied several saddles; but the enemy were successful in their charge, and Anita, being surrounded, was called upon to surrender.

Instead of doing so she clapped spurs to her horse, and dashed through the enemy's lines with the intention of joining her husband; and was galloping off when she was struck by a pistol-shot through her hat, which carried away some of her hair without injuring her skull.

And perhaps she would have effected her escape had the horse not been shot through the head, causing it to fall dead on the ground, and throw her heavily on the turf. She was then forced to surrender, and was taken to the Colonel of the enemy.

Heroically brave in danger, she became, if possible, still more sublime in calamity. In presence of the commander of the Imperialist forces she would not allow him to speak with contumely and disdain of the soldiers of Rio Grande.

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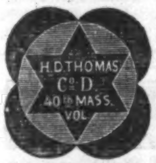
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These Notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold-bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000, and $5000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The Notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

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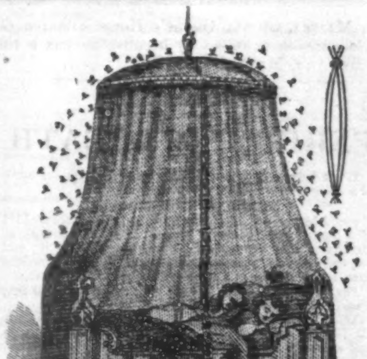

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